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JUNE 5, 1957

Vol. 24, No. 53

BRITAIN AND THE H-BOMB

ATOMIC scientists claim that because Britain has exploded a new type of H-bomb at Christmas Island she has jumped ahead of the United States and Russia in nuclear research and is now again one of the world's most powerful nations.

Britain's success must be applauded, since it proves again the quality of her scientists and technologists, but it is still a frightening commentary on human progress and values that a nation's power and leadership could rest on its ability to produce more efficient bombs.

If better H-bombs alone are to be our standards of values then there is indeed little hope for the world.

Fortunately, the British probably would be the first to realise that better bombs don't in themselves mean anything, except more terrible means of destruction, unless allied to greater responsibilities.

The British have made grave mistakes — what nation hasn't — but they are a socially conscious people who for centuries have tried to balance expediency with moderation, and generally succeeded.

For centuries, through their system of law and government, through their leaders, divines, and thinkers in every field of human endeavor, they have exercised a moral leadership quite apart from their prowess at arms or technical ability to make bigger and better guns.

And while they retain their democratic freedoms and their appreciation of moral values, the highly intelligent, self-critical British are not at all likely to accept the illusion that bomb ownership alone means true leadership.

Our cover

• Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes take a curtain call. The roses were sent by Dame Margot's husband, Dr. Roberto Arias. This study by Derek Brook, those on other pages by Robert Cleland and Ernest Nutt.

CONTENTS

FICTION

Bridal Array (Serial, Part 2), Elizabeth Cadell	19
The Stranger, Beth Lucas	20
Oh To Be Seventeen, Pal Cleary	23
Laughing Stock, Dale Eunson	24

SPECIAL FEATURES

Margot Fonteyn Souvenir	3, 5, 7, 8, 9
These Are Australian (color)	17
Lead Poisoning, Danger to Children	12
The Queen in Denmark, Anne Matheson	15

FASHION

Winter Hats (color)	32
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	31
Sweater to Knit (color)	51
Fashion Frocks	45
Patterns	61

FILMS

German Actress Gets Role Once Wanted By Monroe	39
Boy on a Dolphin (color)	40
Film Preview in Pictures	42
Reviews	52

HOMEMAKING

Cookery in Color	57
Prize Recipes	58
Gardening	49
Architect's Diary	60

REGULAR FEATURES

It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	10
Television Parade, Nan Musgrove	4
Here's Your Answer	16
Readers' Letters	28
Ross Campbell	28
Strange but True	26
Sweet & Sour	26
Worth Reporting	29
Stars	47
Transfers	43
Mandrake	62
Teena	63
Crossword	63

BOOK REVIEWS by HELEN FRIZELL

Thriller writer was once a boundary rider

An outback meeting with a blue-eyed black tracker led writer Arthur Upfield to create the character of "Detective-Inspector Napoleon Bonaparte" — a highly educated, half-aboriginal sleuth who has solved fictitious mysteries with Australian settings.

BIOGRAPHER Jessica Hawke in "Follow My Dust," the story of author Upfield's life, describes how this best-selling writer used knowledge gained as boundary rider, cattle drover, opal gouger, and explorer to create the authentic inland atmosphere for his books.

With Upfield's collaboration, and taking the unusual course of prefacing her book with an "epitaph to be," Jessica Hawke tells of the young Englishman who came to this country in 1910 and went bush, there to become enslaved by two things — the urge to write and "Wandering Millie."

"Wandering Millie" or wanderlust took Upfield into lonely parts of Australia. He wrote his first novel on an out-station 25 miles from a homestead, another on the back of a camel-draw when his job was to patrol portion of the vermin-proof fence in Western Australia, out in the desert scrub.

Extraordinarily, when living at a camel-station he told a visiting horseman the plot of one novel, in which a murderer had managed to destroy a human body almost without trace.

The publication of this book and the arrest of the horseman for murder according to this method occurred almost simultaneously.

As a biography, "Follow My

Dust" is exciting and dramatic, interesting to fans of "Detective-Inspector Bonaparte," as well as to those who can never read enough about the unusual lives led by those who work in Australia's heart.

Our copy from the publishers, Heinemann.

"CHALLENGE TO VENUS," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan). Italian aristocrat Fiametta, beautiful and aloof as the Botticelli Venus, has a love affair with an Englishman who visits her tradition-steeped town, Varenna. As in a legend where gods bring destruction to the proud, retribution descends on the pair. Charles Morgan's writing, exquisitely mannered as usual, tells of passion in prose which is marble-cold.

Covent Garden stars delight Sydney



ROWENA JACKSON and Bryan Ashbridge, who accompanied Dame Margot Fonteyn from England, dancing the pas de deux in "Don Quixote" at the opening of the Borovansky Ballet at the Empire Theatre.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 5, 1957



DAME MARGOT FONTEYN and Michael Sones in a scene from "Sicilian Lake" on the opening night. Curtain call followed curtain call in the tumultuous welcome for the famous stars in their first Australian appearance.



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TELEVISION PARADE

A lively new book-reading public has been created in England and America by the stimulating power of television. The new audience is made up of adults and children. Both ages have a new reading habit—they prefer non-fiction to fiction.

By
NAN MUSGROVE

THIS opinion comes from the UNESCO "Courier" in a thoughtful survey of the effects of TV on book-reading in England and America.

It gives the lie to the people who condemn television as the certain killer of the influence of all books—man's greatest source of culture and learning.

It points out, however, that TV can replace book reading; but it can also be used to promote it actively.

The American Library Association is quoted in the "Courier" report: "When TV was new, libraries noted a falling-off of readers, but as the novelty wore off, people began to return to the library to ask for books on subjects brought to their attention on the TV screen."

This double effect of TV—first replacing books, then drawing attention to specified books through dramatic or literary programmes—is also apparent in England.

British librarians say that after the first year of TV people returned to libraries with changed tastes.

Fiction had suffered, but non-fiction had benefited. Librarians said that TV was freeing them from the obligation of providing for the light reader, and opening the way for them to serve readers with more serious tastes.

From America, too, there is evidence that TV is stimulating the reading of significant books.

After Carl Sandburg, American poet, writer, and biographer (notably the Abraham Lincoln biography), was portrayed in a nation-wide programme, booksellers and librarians throughout the U.S.A. reported such a run on Sandburg books in the week following the telecast that all their stocks were exhausted.

According to the London "Times," viewers whose interest has been roused have "gone straight from their sets to libraries in search of books on subjects like archaeology."

"It is a common experience," the paper adds, "that television serial broadcasts set strong temporary fashions for such writers as Jane Austen, Galsworthy, and Dickens."

The latest report of the Cleveland, U.S.A., Public Library notes an increase in book borrowings, but adds: "A reading boom traceable to TV influence seems to occur where a well-directed library staff with a far-seeing plan in mind actively does something to capitalise on TV-prompted interest."

Let's hope Australian viewers have some intelligent book-reading promotions on TV from lending libraries, booksellers, and publishers.

AFTER the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, appeared on Channel 9, TCN's session "Meet the Press" he made an interesting remark.

He believed, he said, that in ten years' time television would be the most important factor in Australian politics.

When the Press met the secretary of the National Catholic Rural Movement, Mr. B. A. Santamaria, the truth of Mr. Menzies' remark became obvious.

The journalists on the panel had shed the TV inhibitions that made them handle previous victims with kid gloves. The gloves were off with Mr. Santamaria.

Viewers got a picture of the controversial "Movement," its beginnings, and some of its ramifications.

Mr. Santamaria was impressive. He answered all the

an exclusive TV appearance on Channel 9.

But the boys have other things on their minds. Their big worry at present is the examination papers from the Mexican Education Department waiting for them in Sydney.

Singing like angels counts for nothing if the boys don't pass their school exams. Their days as choir boys are carefully scheduled to include lessons and tutoring.

FIRST in the field with a "live" TV serial is the Christian TV Association, an organisation formed by the Protestant churches to "get the Christian message over in a different way."

They do this admirably.

The serial, "The House on the Corner," is part of a 40-minute show on Channel 7, ATN. It is written and pro-

TV GALLERY



DAWN DINGWALL, 24, clever "Miss Dawn" of "Romper Room," part of Channel 7, ATN's Captain Fortune Children's Session. Dawn is a Queenslander, 5ft. 8½in., shapely, a brunette with brown eyes. She is a treat to watch with the children she entertains. Nothing ruffles her.

questions with the greatest aplomb, fully and exhaustively. The Press was impressive, and so, too, was the production.

AN A.B.C. celebrity recital runs almost a traditional course. It scarcely ruffles the chill air of the Town Hall or the calm of its uniformed attendants. But TV has disrupted the formalities.

For the first telecast ever of a Town Hall concert (Leontyne Price's recital on May 30 at 8.10), things are really happening.

Seats have been torn out to make room for the cameras, and arrangements have been made so that from 8.10 concertgoers will be televised as they arrive.

But the physical upheaval lacks the intensity of the mental turmoil. Traditionalists say TV will cut audiences, modernists say it will increase them.

Well, TV is here to stay. I suppose there was the same anguish about radio broadcasts.

ON Tuesday night, June 4, at 9 o'clock, The Singing Boys of Mexico will make their Australian debut on Channel 9, TCN. The choir of 21 boys is Mexico's answer to the Vienna Boy's Choir.

In Australia for the Tivoli Theatre, the boys are making

duced by Mr. Harry Howlett, a director of the C.T.A.

Remarkable is the only word to apply to this production. Its players, with the exception of Mr. Howlett, who has a leading role, are amateurs drawn from church drama clubs, who rehearse furiously in church halls, "bearing in mind the TV cameras."

The association deserves a bouquet for their discussion group, an unrehearsed show called "The Burning Question," chaired by Dr. M. Mackay, of Scots Church.

A group of experts, generally four laymen who vary from week to week, provide a stimulating show.

Questions discussed have included "Should Comics Be Banned?", "Should the Church Remarry Divorced People?"

I don't like the title of the discussion group, "The Burning Question," which to me smacks of the hellfire-and-brimstone evangelical preachers, or the final slide, a large graveyard cross with the ominous overprint "The End."

The session is on three Sundays each month at 5.30 p.m. from Channel 7, ATN. On the second Sunday of the month a telecast I have not seen is produced by the Roman Catholic Church.

Margot Fonteyn's crowded week

THOSE who could say "We had tickets for Fonteyn" considered themselves the luckiest people in Australia.

To make sure of seeing Dame Margot Fonteyn, highest-paid international ballet star to visit this country, ballet-lovers booked weeks in advance or queued night and day in the streets.

Dame Margot stepped from an aircraft in Sydney into a crowded itinerary. In the five days before her opening performance, she:

- Limbered up each morning in a private studio and attended rehearsals with the Borovansky Ballet.
- Gave Press interviews and posed for film and television cameras.
- Was guest-of-honor at a Civic Reception and at a big Press luncheon.
- Had informal meetings with members of the Royal Academy of Dancing, of which she is president, and attended an Academy reception.
- Went to a Benefit Race Meeting at Randwick.

With Dame Margot at most of these functions were Michael Some,

Rowena Jackson, and Bryan Ashbridge, who are dancing with her in a two-week season each in Sydney and Melbourne.

Dark-eyed, composed, and beautiful, Dame Margot wore Dior's dresses to her receptions, signed autographs, sent cables to her husband, Dr. Roberto Arias, Panamanian Ambassador in London, and danced with her effortless grace on glittering nights at Sydney's Empire Theatre.



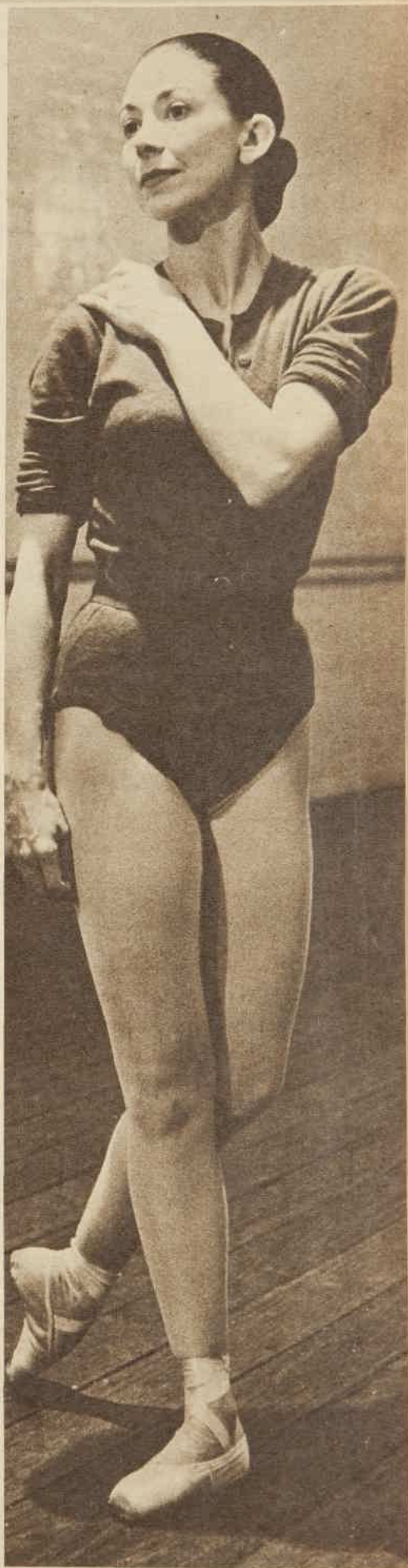
PRESS LUNCHEON. Dame Margot talks with ballet director Edouard Borovansky, while dancer Michael Some and Sir Frank Tait look on at a Press luncheon given in honor of the Royal Ballet stars. Rowena Jackson is at right.



CIVIC RECEPTION. Dame Margot with Sydney's Lady Mayor, Mrs. Harry Jensen.



IN THE CITY. Dame Margot (right) and New Zealander Rowena Jackson, another star of the Royal Ballet, walk up Martin Place.



BALLERINA IN REPOSE. Dame Margot caught by the camera during a regular morning's practice in a private studio. She also attended rehearsals.



DIPLOMAT'S WIFE at the races. Dame Margot went to Randwick in an exciting spring suit by Dior, sprigged with lily of the valley.



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FIRST-NIGHTERS AT BALLET



RADIANT BALLERINA. Dame Margot Fonteyn at the back-stage party after the gala opening of the ballet. Behind her is Dr. John Fulton. Dame Margot wore diamonds and pearls with her Dior dress and stole of black faille—the skirt ankle-length in front then dipping to the floor in a bow-tied bustle.



MINK COAT and short-skirted red lace dress were chosen by Mrs. Noel Vincent, who attended with her husband. More than a thousand tightly packed spectators lined the footpath to watch the arrivals.



BALLET ENTHUSIASTS (from left) Mr. Lawrence Byrne, Mrs. Byrne, Virginia Hyne, and Mrs. Byrne's son, Leslie Walford. After the brilliant opening of the ballet at the Empire Theatre they went on to dance at Prince's. The Governor, Sir John Northcott, attended the premiere with his daughter, Mrs. Russell Nash, and members of his personal staff.



MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. John Borill and eleven-year-old Sancha, one of the many excited young balletomanes who went to the first performance. The enthusiastic audience paid up to £5/5/- a seat.



GIVENCHY coiffure hat—a white feathered bow and a tiny veil sparkling with diamantes—was chosen by Mary Anne Macdonald, who returned six weeks ago from Paris.



SATIN AND MINK was chosen by country visitors Mrs. Bill Moses, of "Gunnibell," Gunnedah, and daughter Margaret. Lots of country folk came to Sydney specially for the opening of the two-week Sydney season. It was Sydney's most glamorous evening since the Royal Tour.

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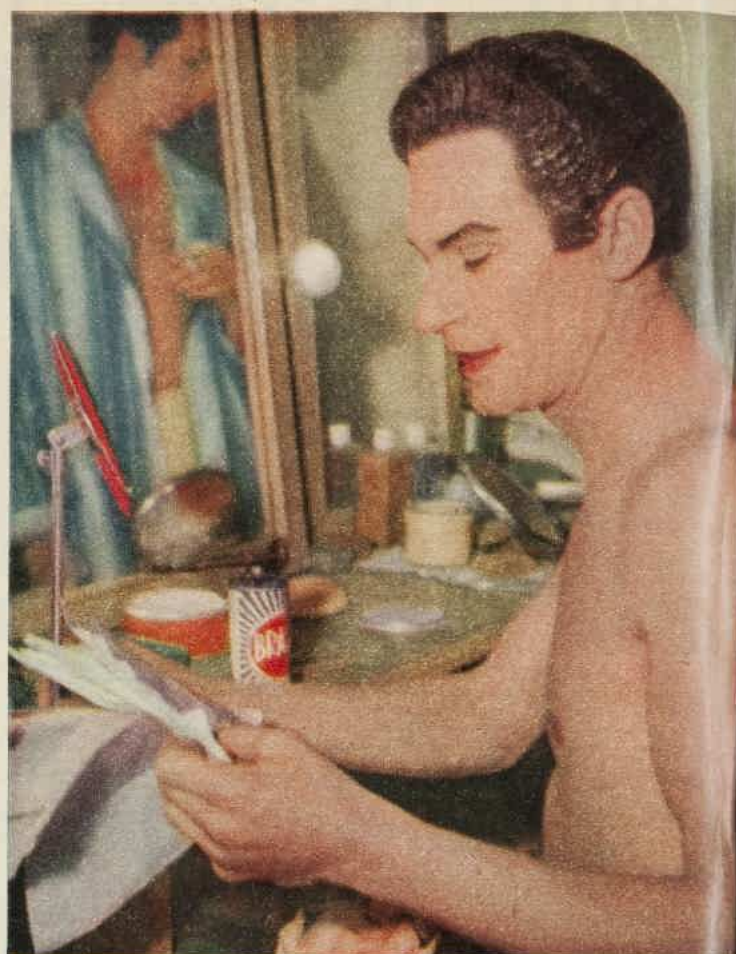
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BALLET PREMIERE

*From curtain rise
— to backstage party*



DRESSING-ROOM PICTURE of Michael Some, one of the outstanding dancers in ballet today, before he danced the role of Prince Siegfried in the second act of the ballet "Swan Lake" as partner to Dame Margot Fonteyn.



IN THE WINGS before the curtain rises, Dame Margot Fonteyn and her partner, Michael Some, relax before their performance of Act II of the ballet "Swan Lake."



LEFT: New Zealander Bryan Ashbridge in his dressing-room before his appearance on stage in the brilliant pas de deux from "Don Quixote" with fellow New Zealander Rowena Jackson.



RIGHT: Dancer of dazzling technique, Rowena Jackson puts the final touches to her make-up for her pas de deux with Bryan Ashbridge on the opening night of the Borovansky ballet season.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY, May 5, 1957



GRAND FINALE. Dame Margot Fonteyn speaks to an enthusiastic audience at the Empire Theatre after the final curtain call at her first Australian appearance. Sydney's reception was overwhelming, she said. In the picture (from left) are Rowena Jackson, Mr. Edouard Borovansky, Michael Somes, Mary Gelder (in white), and Sir Frank Tait.



AUSTRALIAN BALLERINAS Peggy Sager (left) and Kathleen Gorham with Michael Somes at the backstage party which followed the triumphant first night. Peggy Sager danced "Sylphides" and Kathie Gorham "Pineapple Poll."



BACKSTAGE PARTY included Bryan Ashbridge (left), Mrs. James Laurie (well-known singer Rosina Raisbeck), Rowena Jackson, and Mr. James Laurie, who was instrumental in arranging the tour of the Royal Ballet Covent Garden artists. Rowena Jackson and Bryan Ashbridge will tour their native New Zealand after their Australian seasons.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1957



A GREAT STAR RELAXES. Dame Margot Fonteyn at the backstage party after the first-night performance. A Dior gown and glittering jewels enhanced her sparkling beauty.



YOUTHFUL BALLETTOMANES. Anne, Sally, and Isla Tait, daughters of Sir Frank and Lady Tait, made their first trip to Sydney from Melbourne to be at the opening night.

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HP30, 143

BUTCH



"I think this is every bit as exciting as a getaway on land."

MOTHER



"M-m. It does make a good clothes hoist. But it made a very good umbrella, too."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE proposed divorce legislation in New South Wales which will require a wealthy wife to pay alimony to her wronged ex-husband has not aroused many protests.

This is possibly because so few women are wealthy in their own right. The problem is one unlikely to affect the rank and file of wives.

Some representatives of women's organisations spoke approvingly of the measure. The gist of their remarks was that it was part of the price to be paid for sex equality.

This struck me as a kind of whistling in the dark. I have always taken a gloomy view of where equality was leading women, wife, thank goodness, still enjoy a few privileges. One was not having to pay alimony.

A man's chances of finding a new wealthy wife are a lot greater than a woman's of acquiring a second wealthy husband.

A married woman who has raised a family has necessarily spent a long time out of the employment market. She may find difficulty in getting a job to support herself. Marriage has no such effect on the male, whose earning capacity should not be affected by home responsibilities.

When I made some of the foregoing remarks in the hearing of a woman who disagreed with me she said I sounded as if I didn't like men.

Far from it. I think they're charming—but I don't think they need alimony.

AFTER seeing "The Relapse," the Restoration comedy which the Elizabethan Theatre is presenting during the current season in Sydney, I felt it was rather a pity that playwrights no longer use the "aside" as a stage device.

Audiences still enjoy being taken into a character's confidence. Or they seemed to the other night when, for instance, Lord Foppington informed them behind his hand that he had designs on his friend's wife.

When these asides were acceptable in play-writing they saved the author such a lot of trouble.

His hero could merely address the audience and pretend that fellow actors were deaf.

So simple, and most plays require some imagination on the part of the audience. A little extra is no strain.

MOST cautiously worded statement that I've encountered for a long time comes from a recent book devoted to women and their problems.

It runs: "Women, much more than men, owing to the physical variabilities to which they are all subject, more or less, are constantly in a state of flux, so to speak."

POODLES are said to be going out of fashion in New York. The miniature breeds of dogs are the new favorites.

Dog beauticians are disconsolate. One said, according to a recent report: "We could be so creative with poodles. Some of my staff came from leading beauty salons, just to work on poodles."

It is quite easy to understand the attraction of the work for those who have previously dressed women's hair.

A poodle won't ask for a new style and pout when it's done. It doesn't need magazines to read or demand cups of coffee.

It doesn't keep saying plaintively, "Surely I'm dry NOW," remove the pins itself, and then growl when the setting falls out.

And it never says, "Of course I have such fine hair—baby hair, really."

OF all the comments about Formosan tea the most picturesque came from a Sydney woman invited by a newspaper to try a cup.

"It is a tea-drinkers' tea with plenty of body in it," she said.

I am not sure exactly what that means, but, as an addict who, in general, values tea more highly than champagne, I have a glimmer.

And besides, the remark shows the wise connoisseurs that they don't have a monopoly of mysterious appreciative language.

MEMBERS of the American Bill Collectors' Association announced the other day that they wished to be called, not bill collectors, but "guidance workers."

Next thing the Taxation Department will become disgruntled with its name. Officers will want to relabel it the Financial Welfare Department.

THE Australian criminal was very versatile, Superintendent C. S. Jardine told a meeting of the South Sydney Rotary Club. Many of the greatest confidence men who had operated in Europe were Australians, he said.

It's good to be proud of one's country, A continent ancient in time Though new in our civilisation, We haven't been lagging in crime.

The scenery's fine, and the beaches, And of course there's the "Seventeenth Doll."

And we've splendid examples, moreover, Of the sharper, the gunman, and moll.

So, whenever confronted by boasting On the part of more powerful states, Let's recall with a calm satisfaction That our con-men can rank with the "greats."

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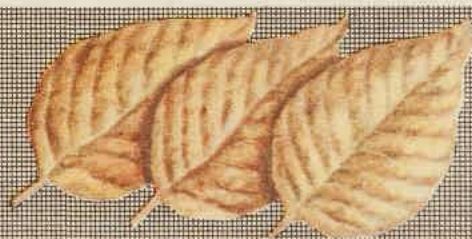
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Interlock
pyjamas,
Peach or Sky,
SW to OS, 39/11.



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LEAD POISONING . . .



PROF. LORIMER DODS

HERE are the facts: In the past four months six children suffering from lead poisoning have been admitted to Sydney's Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, where the Institute has its headquarters, and one of those children died.

Six cases may seem insignificant, but they are more than the normal intake of lead-poisoning cases in an average full year at the hospital, and, coupled with research by the Institute, are causing the director, Professor Lorimer Dods, and his assistants deep concern.

"There are important reasons for our interest in lead poisoning," Professor Dods told me.

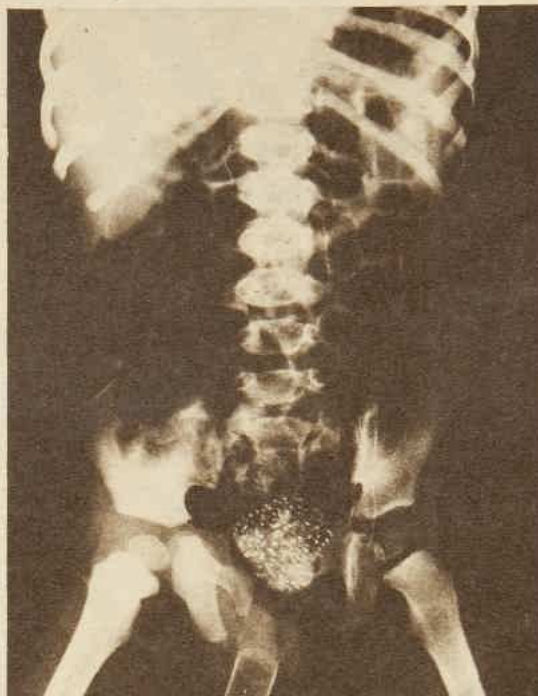
"We believe that some cases of lead poisoning may be confused with other diseases, including polio, encephalitis, and brain tumor, because lead poisoning is often difficult to diagnose.

"We also strongly suspect that some adults who die of kidney disease in their thirties and forties developed lead poisoning in childhood and never knew they had been poisoned and that lead had slowly destroyed their kidneys."

(Sir Arthur Fadden's son, Gordon, who died last September at the age of 34, is an example of this. Reports at the time said: "His death followed a lingering illness which began when he contracted poisoning from lead paint as a young child.")

"Our research is only just beginning, but we have already

From Sydney's Institute of Child Health comes this warning to parents that apparently harmless household things such as painted nursery furniture, toys, and flaking wall paints may carry an insidious disease and death to their children.



LEAD PAINT FLAKES in a small child's bowel are clearly visible as irregularly shaped white spots in this X-ray taken at the Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children in Sydney.

learnt enough to know that parents should be warned how to protect youngsters from this most insidious disease."

Recently, a 2½-year-old boy was admitted to Royal Alexandra Hospital with all the symptoms of meningitis, but it was proved he had lead poisoning.

An immediate search was made for the source of what doctors call his "lead intoxication."

Lethal toy

A RESEARCH worker from the Institute of Child Health found that one of the little boy's favorite toys was a motor-bike, that he had chewed the rider's hand, and that he was known to have chewed off the heads of other toys.

When the metal of the motor-bike was analysed it was found to be 90 per cent. lead and,

from a medical point of view, lethal if chewed or sucked.

The research man also scraped off old paint in four areas of the little boy's home, including one area where the boy had been seen to put paint flakes in his mouth, and found that the paint's lead content ranged from 21 to 46 per cent.

This house was 15 to 20 years old, and its paint was probably the original.

These discoveries led the research man to a suburban newsagency, the nearest shop which sold toys. Here he bought a red-coated soldier, a khaki-clad soldier, a silver-painted dairymaid, and other such toys.

Analysis showed that the khaki soldier contained 89 per cent. lead, the red-coated soldier 93 per cent., and the dairymaid 97 per cent.

The redcoat was made in England. The others were not marked.

(The Committee of Hazards to Children of the American Standards Association says that paint may be considered safe for use on children's toys and furniture and housing interiors if the lead content does not exceed one per cent. This applies only to new paint on a clean surface and not to new paint on old painted areas.)

Here are other cases which the research man described when I saw him at the Institute:

• A little girl who died from lead poisoning was a known eater of paint flakes; analysis of the flakes showed they contained lead.

The girl developed lead poisoning even though the parents were aware of the danger, kept her away from flaking walls as much as pos-

By
RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

sible, and several times removed flakes from her mouth.

• A breast-fed baby of five months developed lead poisoning from contact with a metal nipple protector which contained lead.

• A boy showed all the symptoms of encephalitis, but was proved to have lead poisoning.

When the boy died, an autopsy showed that he had a small lead fishing-sinker in his stomach.

School threat

AT a Sydney kindergarten two years ago, paint that children were using for finger-painting was found to contain lead, but fortunately this was discovered soon after the paint was issued, and none of the children came to any harm.

The paint was poster paint, and the discovery was made when a visiting medical officer from Melbourne suggested that the paint be tested, as some poster paints contain lead.

Old broken-up car batteries, popular playthings among children, are one of the most common sources of lead poisoning in the United States and in England.

At Rotherham, England, after several cases of lead poisoning, including one death, police vans with loud-speakers

THE chairman of the New South Wales Paint Manufacturers' Association (Mr. D. L. Dixon) described The Australian Women's Weekly article on the lead danger to children as "most timely."

He said paint manufacturers were anxious to co-operate in eliminating the danger, and added:

"Modern synthetic paints do not contain lead. They are of no danger to children. These paints are used exclusively for interior painting of homes.

"Lead-based undercoats used on exterior walls become a danger to children only if they are not covered with synthetic finishing paint.

"Flaking and badly chalking surfaces may also present a danger. They should be scraped or cleaned, and then repainted.

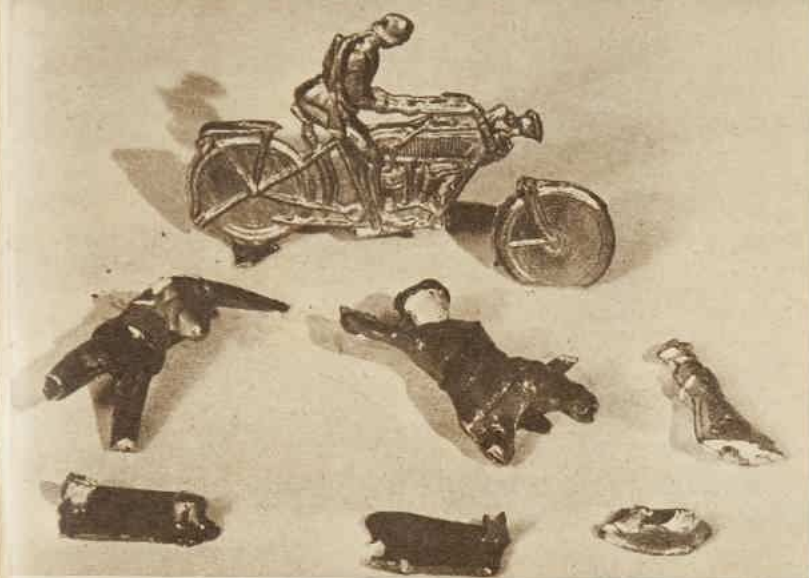
"It is difficult to conceive of any manufacturer or distributor selling lead-based paint for toys, nursery furniture, or any other article likely to be used by children.

"Paint manufacturers have been working for many years to reduce and eventually to eliminate the lead danger to children."



IT DOESN'T MATTER so much, says Professor Dods, if a child doesn't eat his vegetables, but it matters a great deal if he sucks toys, nursery fittings, or paint flakes—all of which may be lethal. Poisoning is often difficult to diagnose.

EVERY CHILD IS IN DANGER



BROKEN TOY MOTOR-BIKE was found to be 90 per cent. lead after its two-and-a-half-year-old owner had chewed it and developed lead poisoning. Other toys, bought in a suburban newsagency, contained: khaki soldier (left), 89 per cent. lead; red-coated soldier (centre), 93 per cent.; dairymaid (right), 97 per cent.

patrolled the streets to warn parents not to allow their children to handle old battery parts.

And the authorities of one U.S. town, when this source of lead became known, collected thousands of battery parts from backyards and playrooms and destroyed them.

"It is of the utmost importance," the research assistant told me, "both for the child's safety and for research, to trace the source of lead poisoning."

"Even parents who are aware of the danger and who may know one source may not suspect other sources."

"In all lead cases it is vital that the source of lead be found before the child returns home so that he will not be exposed to danger again."

"A doctor's job is not complete until he has visited the home and found the source, or made arrangements for some competent authority to do the job for him."

"We think it's the repeated exposure to lead which may eventually kill or do permanent harm to health. This has never been sufficiently realised."

"As Dr. Julian Chisolm, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, says, 'Immediate and absolute prevention of re-exposure may be the most important single factor in the eventual outcome in such patients.'"

Now, what's to be done, both officially and privately, about the lead menace?

Professor Lorimer Dods gives these answers:

"Every State in Australia should have legislation prohibiting the sale of lead products, or products containing lead, which are likely to be in contact with young children—paint, painted furniture, lead toys, painted metal or wood toys, and other household objects—unless the products are clearly marked with a warning of their lead content and that they are dangerous to children."

Apart from the need for legislation, Professor Dods adds these points:

"Lead poisoning should be made a notifiable disease so that public health and other authorities can take action."

"Mothers should realise that it doesn't matter so much if their children don't eat their vegetables, but that it matters a lot if the children suck lethal toys or eat lethal paint flakes."

"You can't blame parents, particularly mothers, if their children get lead poisoning—unless, of course, they have been grossly careless in allowing their children to have contact with known sources of infection."

"It is a physical impossibility for a mother to watch her

"If you have any suspicious areas, and particularly if your house is old and its paint may contain lead, ask the advice of your family doctor, who can send samples to the Government Analyst."

"Parents should also check with their doctor without delay if they know or suspect that their children have been eating paint flakes."

And, finally, the disease itself:

Major source of lead poisoning is through the mouth—eating, sucking, or licking objects that contain lead—though doctors don't know how long oral contact has to continue before poisoning develops. It may be weeks or months.

They also don't know how quickly lead is absorbed, why one child will develop poisoning in a few weeks and another child will take months or won't get the disease at all.

Because "lead intoxication" is generally through the mouth, Pica children—those who eat earth beyond the normal period when youngsters put anything into their mouths—are more likely to develop lead poisoning than others.

(Pica, which doctors know as "perverted appetite," is Italian for "magpie.")

Children don't generally develop lead poisoning by handling lead objects—unless



THE CRAWLING AGE is probably the most dangerous, when inquisitive children are more likely to put small objects in their mouths. Major source of lead poisoning is through the mouth. **RIGHT:** X-ray shows lead at bone-ends in child's wrist and hand. Lead poison attacks nervous system.

they suck their fingers a lot after handling.

Nearly 30 years ago Queensland's higher percentage of children with lead poisoning and with kidney trouble led to the theory, now believed to be correct, that Queensland children were more exposed to lead poisoning from lead-painted verandah railings; and because after rain they ran their fingers along the lead-contaminated raindrops under the railings and then put their fingers in their mouths.

The most dangerous age for lead poisoning is when the child is crawling or toddling. This is because the child is mobile, inquisitive, and likely to put anything in his mouth or suck anything that takes his fancy.

Lead poisoning attacks the nervous system, and affects the

blood and causes anaemia. Because it attacks the nervous system its symptoms often appear to be the symptoms of other diseases.

Look at the general and vague symptoms of lead poisoning and you'll see why diagnosis is so difficult:

Squint develops

A CHILD'S behaviour and appearance change. He becomes pale, irritable, and quickly tires. He goes off his food, may vomit, may have colic pains. He may develop a muscular weakness of the legs. He may develop a squint.

And if his nervous system is seriously affected he may become drowsy, may develop convulsions, may lapse into coma—and from coma to death.

The only specific test for lead poisoning—and a difficult and delicate test, too—is analysis and estimate of the lead content of blood and urine.

But X-ray will often show lead at bone ends, and foreign objects or paint flakes in the stomach on their way through the body.

Until 1952, general treatment for lead poisoning was to feed the child a high-calcium diet to fix the lead in the bones. But this treatment was only partly effective.

Since then treatment is much more effective with a drug with an outlandish name—calcium disodium ethylene diamine tetra-acetate.

This drug, better known as



Ca EDTA, is harmless and is given by mouth or injection. Its action is to absorb the lead and eject it from the body through the kidneys.

With this treatment a child may be clinically well in a week, but—here is the snag:

Doctors still don't know how long this treatment should be continued, or if it is possible to get rid of all the lead in the body, or even if it is necessary to try to get rid of it all.

"But with research we hope to find out," Professor Dods says. "While we're finding out, every precaution should be taken, officially and by parents, to protect children from this insidious disease."

SOME Australian States have rigid regulations covering the marketing of lead paint and toys, but other States have virtually no regulations.

Queensland prohibits the use of paint containing lead on toys, furniture, and buildings (exteriors and interiors), except the use of paint containing not more than five per cent. of white lead on building eaves, and for some industrial purposes. Queensland also prohibits the sale of lead toys.

New South Wales has no regulations, except an industrial one which lays down strict precautions on spray painting.

Victoria has a law which forbids toy manufacturers to use paint containing

more than one part to 1000 of lead.

South Australia has no regulations, but if lead poisoning is suspected the Health Department investigates and takes action.

Western Australia, like Queensland, has strict regulations covering lead paint, toys, and other articles.

Part of this State's legislation reads: "No person shall manufacture or sell . . . any toy, wallpaper, paper serviettes, or paper for use in enclosing food, in or upon which there is any quantity of paint, color, facing, dressing, size, varnish, or other substance containing any lead, arsenic, or antimony."

Tasmania has virtually no regulations covering paint or toys.



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ROYAL VISIT TO DENMARK



ON THE BALCONY at Amalienborg Palace, Copenhagen, the Queen appeared without her sable wrap, despite the cold and threatening rain. From left: Prince Philip, the Queen, Queen Ingrid, and King Frederik. RIGHT: The Queen and King Frederik lead the procession in open carriages through cheering crowds.



Danish Queen darned the tablecloth

● Queen Ingrid of Denmark personally darned a 60-foot banquetting cloth when a replacement did not arrive in the final rush of preparations for the State visit of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh.

THIS is a 'do-it-yourself' Royal Family," her Lord Chamberlain said as he proudly pointed out the neat darn.

Queen Ingrid also put the finishing touches to the Royal visitors' suite in the Palace of Amalienborg, and embroidered the bedheads for the twin beds in the Queen's bedroom.

This thoughtful beginning set the pattern for a three-day visit that was the most informal and one of the most colorful and successful the Queen and Prince Philip have made.

At the City Hall, where the last reception of the visit was held, the Queen, with appreciation and simplicity, told the guests how much she had enjoyed her visit and Copenhagen's beautiful street decorations. She said she had been impressed by the care the Danes lavished on their children.

After calling at the Canadian Embassy, the Queen and Prince Philip drove back to the Royal yacht Britannia to change into evening dress to entertain King Frederik and Queen Ingrid at a farewell dinner.

That night the biggest fireworks display ever seen over Copenhagen city and harbor gave the Royal guests the noisiest and most brilliant send-off of any State visit.

A giant "E.R. II" in fireworks lit the sky, while torrents of "silver rain" poured down over Britannia, her escort vessels, and the Danish fleet, all of which were floodlit.

The Royal dinner-party on the yacht broke up into a cosy family evening when the Queen invited musical King Frederik to play the grand piano in Britannia's drawing-room.

King Frederik has several times conducted the orchestra of the Royal Danish Theatre and the State Radio Symphony

Orchestra. He has been conducting since he was 17, and when a young man organised an amateur orchestra at Amalienborg Palace.

Seventeen-year-old Princess Margrethe, heiress-presumptive to the Danish throne, was just as excited at the evening banquet as she had been all through the visit.

A high wind was blowing as the Danish Royal Family arrived at the yacht, and the Princess, who was having trouble with her dress, looked appealingly up at Britannia's deck. There Prince Philip saw her difficulty, rushed down the gangplank, and helped the Princess control her billowing skirt and on to the yacht.

More than 100,000 Danes crowded round the wharf to cheer the Queen and Prince Philip as they left Britannia after the dinner to spend a two-day holiday at Fredensborg Castle.

The crowd called, "Come back, come back," as the Royal car threaded its way through the cars and bicycles taking thousands of Danes back to suburbs and farms.

It was a 35-minute drive for the Royal car, which did not arrive until after midnight at the castle, where the Queen and Prince Philip had an elastic programme for their two-day stay.

Warm welcome

THREE days before, the Danes gave a tremendously warm and friendly welcome to their Royal guests as the Britannia moved into Copenhagen harbor.

King Frederik went aboard the yacht to greet the visitors. "Velkommen," he said as he bowed and kissed the Queen's hand. Then he winced as he straightened.

The Queen smiled under-

standingly. "I'm sorry to hear you have lumbago," she said. Formalities, which were never rigid, broke down completely at this moment.

Fifty million viewers saw Eurovision's telecast of the State banquet in honor of the Queen and the Duke in Copenhagen's 1000-year-old Christiansborg Palace on the night of their arrival.

The banquetting hall was a magnificent setting for the Queen's svelte gown of palest pink satin, with an overskirt embroidered in pink and blue to match the embroidery on the dress.

But the most dramatic dress in the Queen's wardrobe was the evening gown of flame satin embroidered with moonstones in which she broke all color precedent at the gala ballet performance at the Royal Theatre on the following night.

There the women among the 1400 guests, many of them in wonderful pastel furs and gowns, were astonished to see the Queen in a color never before worn by a member of a Royal family in Denmark.

"What a daring color," said one woman. "What a surprise," said another.

"It takes a queen to wear that shade," said others.

The Queen wore pale orange make-up to match the deep orange of her gown, which was splashed with the pale blue sash of the Danish Order of the Elephant, and she carried a bouquet of delicate white orchids.

The color of her gown stood out vividly against the red velvet curtains and the golden canopy in the Royal box at the theatre, decorated for the night with 2000 flowers in the Danish colors of red and white.

Next day, the last of the visit, in perfect spring weather the Queen and the Duke visited the Anglican Church of St. Alban in Copenhagen, a

From
ANNE MATHESON,
in Denmark
for the State visit.



DANISH ATOMIC SCIENTIST and Nobel Prize winner Professor Niels Bohr chatted to the Queen in the century-old rose garden of his residence at Old Carlsberg.

church founded by the Queen's great-grandmother, Queen Alexandra, a Danish princess.

At the church the Queen was received by the Rev. I. A. Cardell-Oliver, formerly of Western Australia, who went to Denmark with his wife and family 18 months ago.

"I am interested in the union of churches, particularly Lutheran churches," he told the Queen as he escorted her into the church to see a memorial to Queen Alexandra.

Picnic lunch

OUTSIDE the church the Queen paused to give nine-year-old James Morrow, son of a British Embassy official, who was waiting in a wheelchair, a lesson in photography.

"You can't take a photograph into the sun," she said with a smile, and Prince Philip added, "That's the best advice you can get."

Lunch for the Royal couple was a picnic meal in the 200-year-old Royal hunting-lodge outside Copenhagen.

The menu included wood pigeon and cold salmon, with choice of champagne or Danish beer, but the women guests, in mink wraps and new spring hats, ate at plain wooden tables scrubbed until they shone.

The Queen met members of the Australian migration staff at the Commonwealth reception. She showed keen interest in the number of Danes who had migrated to Australia.

Celebrating 25 years in Denmark and meeting the Queen was Mrs. Muriel Brix, who went to Hurstville (N.S.W.) Public School. The wife of a Danish engineer, she attended the reception with Mrs. Isabelle Kondy, formerly of Elsternwick (Victoria), who married a Danish sea captain.

Mrs. Beverley Burnside, former Sydney model Beverley Smith, was a guest at the reception with her husband, Lieut.-Commander I. M. Burnside, R.A.N., who is serving on Duchess, one of the vessels in Britannia's escort.



QUEEN ELIZABETH in the flame-colored gown in which she created a sensation at the Royal Theatre. Across the bodice she wore the blue sash of the Danish Order of the Elephant.

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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

There is no end to the problems that beset the teenager. They complicate life, but they are essential training for adulthood, which you enter with added poise, one of the rewards of the solved social situation.

FIRST letter I opened this week dealt with a tale-teller. It made me angry and sad. Telling tales is one of the most common social faults, and perhaps the one that causes the most unhappiness.

Here is the letter:

"I HAVE a sister two years older than I and every time she is home she gets me into trouble by telling my mother tales. It is no use telling my mother that these are tales because she won't believe me. I cannot leave home because I am only thirteen."

A.R., Gunnedah, N.S.W.

Life is a miserable business when this kind of thing happens. I'm sure I don't know what you can do about it. Tale-telling is a nasty, sneaky habit, and no good ever comes out of it for anyone. It causes unhappiness, and, sadly, it is a stage most people seem to go through. All I can suggest at the moment is to keep out of your sister's way as much as possible.

I know exactly how you feel, but don't think of leaving home. You'll just have to grin and bear it and make a special mental note for yourself that you won't ever make anyone unhappy by carrying tales. Not ever.

"FOR two years I have loved a boy whose attitude I find hard to understand. At first he was very nice to me and I am sure he liked me. Then he was told that I am a few months older than he is and for a while he would hardly look at me. Now, if we go on a church picnic or hike we get on well together. However, if I meet him in the street he either looks away or looks at me as if I were a snake. This, added to the fact that I don't want to appear to be chasing him, makes me

feel so awful that I usually can't pluck up enough courage to say "Hello," even though I know I should. Could you please tell me what you think his feelings for me might be? And should I say "Hello" to him even though he scowls at me? Other boys I am friends with are nice all the time, not only when something of a social nature is going on. Please try to help me analyse his feelings."

"Blondie," N.S.W.

I think his behaviour is typical of a boy who doesn't want to be trapped into going steady before he wants to. He makes that obvious with his affability on group outings.

You give me the impression that you are very intense and make much more of this than actually exists. Relax and you'll find things are better. If you can't say "Hello," just smile as you pass.

I don't know what this boy thinks of you, except that I am pretty sure his feelings would be warmer towards you if you treated him like a

friend instead of like the boy who doesn't love you.

"I AM 14, but I find dreadful black circles forming under my eyes. Is there anything I can do about this? Please don't suggest I go to bed early, as 9 p.m. is the earliest I can go to bed, as my schoolwork takes me far into the night."

F.S., S.A.

If you are a normal, healthy girl (and only a doctor can tell you if you are) there's nothing you can do about those dark circles. They're not caused by lack of sleep. If you look closely you'll see that they've come because the skin around your eyes gets darker as you gain maturity.

This dark-around-the-eyes look is believed to be alluring and is greatly prized by girls much older than you. They spend a great deal of money on eye-shadow of various colors and much time learning to apply it artificially. You have this look naturally, and later will be pleased.

*****DISC DIGEST*****

SOMEONE with a keen eye for publicity has seen to it that Eartha Kitt's newest LP and her autobiography went on sale at exactly the same time. Each has the same title, "Thursday's Child."

After three or four spins of the 12-inch disc, I'm still a little disappointed, and, being a staunch Kitt fan, that's almost a minor tragedy to me. Her two earlier 10-inch LPs, "That Bad Eartha" and "Down To Eartha," are ever so much better.

"Just An Old-Fashioned Girl" is the outstanding track on the new platter. It's witty and sophisticated in the Cole Porter style, and the accompaniment by Henri Rene's orchestra is a joy. Eartha displays her many talents by singing in English, French, Italian, and one tongue that

sounds like Jabberwocky to me.

Two sprightly numbers, "Le Dancour de Charleston" and "Mademoiselle Kitt," are nicely balanced with two bluesy items, "Thursday's Child" and the hauntingly sung "Lazy Afternoon," but it was a mistake for her to attempt "Johnny," which will always be synonymous with the name of Marlene Dietrich.

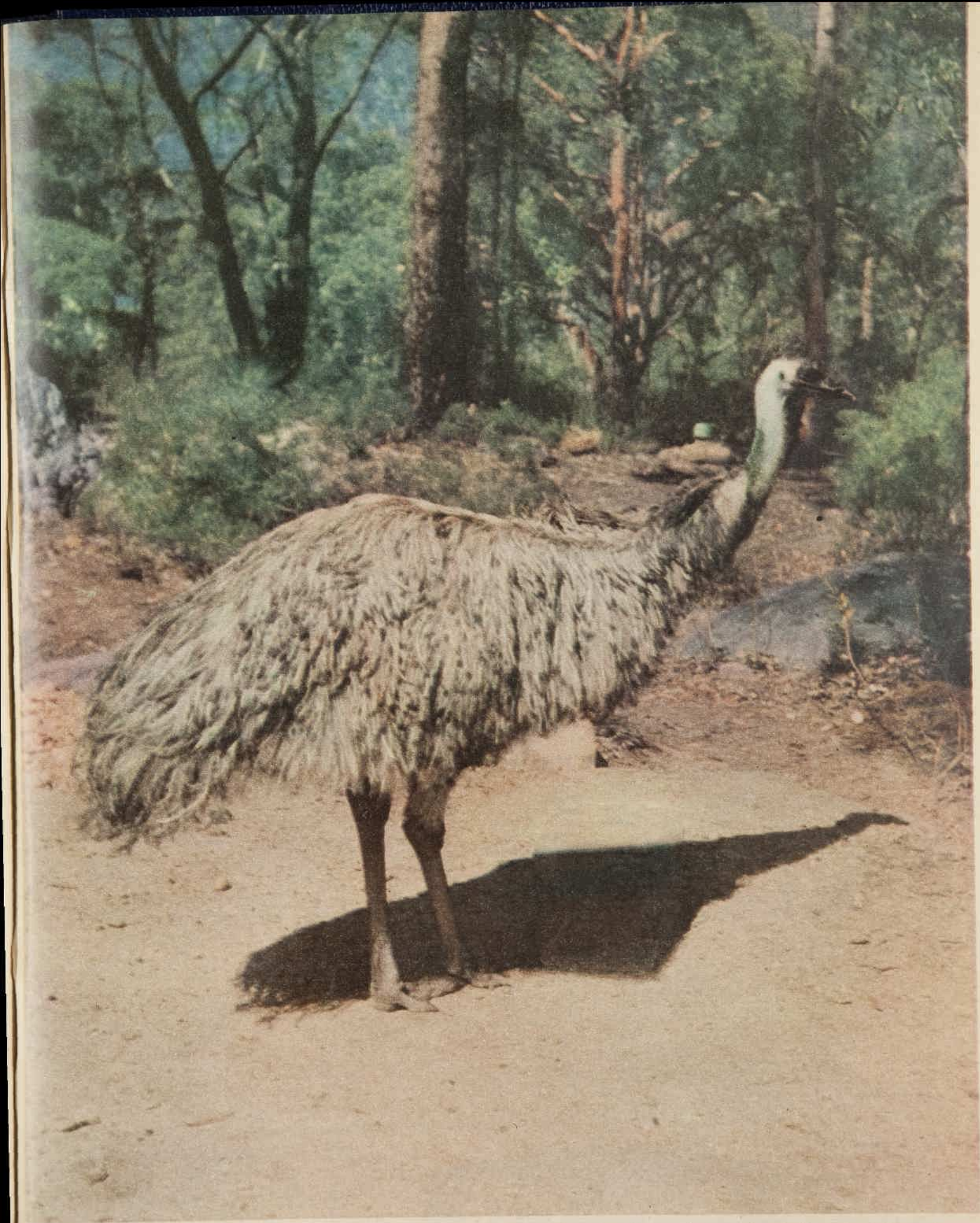
Only two of the 12 songs on L10237 could be called well known: "Lullaby of Birdland" and "Lisbon Antigua." If you support Orson Welles' statement that Eartha is "the most exciting woman in the world," you won't be able to resist acquiring this disc. For my part, I agree with Kenneth Tynan's summing-up: "She is the vocal soul of every Siamese cat who ever lived."

AMERICAN Cafe Society has another favorite, who is as different from the seductive Kitt as beer is from champagne. This is Frances Faye, and you may hear her on a seven-inch Extended Play record (EAP.3-512). Fayzie, as they call her, sings and pounds her piano in her own rough-and-ready Brooklyn fashion, and she tackles a lyric in a way no other artist would.

Neither Frances nor Dave Cavanaugh, who leads the ork, bothers about written arrangements, and they turn up their noses at rehearsals. They "ad lib" as they go along and infuse hilarious life into "Night and Day," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Tweet, Tweet, Tweetheart," and "I Wish I Could Shimmy Like My Sister Kate."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1957



THESE ARE AUSTRALIAN

EMU (*Dromaius novaehollandiae*) is familiar to Australians as a feature of the national coat-of-arms. Next to the African ostrich, it is the heaviest of living birds, and belongs to a group which has lost the power of flight and developed powerful legs. Emus can travel from 30 to 40 m.p.h. They are mostly found on grassy plains, and the spread of settlement has sent them well inland—a member of the First Fleet (1788) first saw an emu sitting on its nest where the Sydney suburb of Randwick is today. This picture was taken by J. E. Toghill, Mosman, N.S.W.

Is your family **ACTIVE & VITAL** or only 'JUST WELL'?



A POWER FOR HEALTH!

Daily 'AKTA-VITE' generates zestful health through greater intake of the essential vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Only in 'AKTA-VITE' can stated and guaranteed quantities of the important vitamins A, B₁, C and D that your body needs, be obtained in the form of chocolate-malt flavoured granules.

The wonder of vitamins and the tremendous contributions they make to real health . . . an Australian achievement in nutrition . . . what thousands of mothers have found 'AKTA-VITE' will do for their husbands, children and themselves . . . what it will do for convalescents, the elderly and those under severe strain of work.

MOST of us who think ourselves in good health are, in fact, not always "a hundred per cent". It is common to hear people say, "Oh yes, I feel well enough", but they add "I only get a bit tired now and then and sometimes can't sleep", or "I seem to be off my food".

Through lack of knowledge these people speak of such troubles as being only natural—just a part of modern living.

Actually they are a part of modern living, but modern living is not altogether natural living in the true sense of the word and some assistance is often needed. The difference between being "just well" and "right on top" is, in many cases, a matter of good nutrition.

What is good nutrition?

It is not necessarily the taking of a lot of food—it is largely the result of proper balance in the various components of the food and is absolutely essential for maximum health.

A balanced diet provides adequate amounts of vitamins, minerals, carbohydrates, fats and proteins in the correct proportions of one to another.

What vitamins do

Of recent years, much has been learned of the vitamins and the part they play. The subject is rather complex and could be dealt with at great length, but a good general understanding can be gained from the following:—

Vitamins are substances which occur in minute amounts in the food we eat. They are essential for the proper functioning of the bodily processes and in enabling us to get full value from the food we eat. About twenty vitamins have been identified by animal experiment, but only a few have been shown to be of practical importance in human nutrition. In this class are vitamins A, B₁, C and D.

VITAMIN A is necessary for clear skin and good eyesight.

VITAMIN B₁ is needed for proper nerve function and to ensure you get the value from energy producing foods. Insufficient vitamin B₁ is a cause of neuritis and kindred complaints.

VITAMIN C is essential, as well as vitamin A, for a good skin and is especially important for healthy gums and teeth.

VITAMIN D is essential for proper bone formation.

Do we get enough vitamins?

Following are some common, everyday reasons why we may not:

- Cooking causes a substantial loss of vitamins in some foods.
- Vitamins are often lost through exposure of the food to light and air in the shop.
- The modern practice of taking quick "snack" meals—pie or

toast, etc.—of little or no vitamin value.

- The natural inclination for most people to eat "what they fancy" rather than what they need.
- The worry and strain of modern times which affect digestion.
- The present high cost of food which is causing many to omit certain essential foods from the daily diet.
- Scarcity of some foods at times.
- The need of certain individuals for more than normal amounts of vitamins—expectant and nursing mothers, convalescents, growing children, tense, nervy types of people.

Due to such factors as these it can be seen that vitamin-deficiency is more common than is generally realised and that most of us could well benefit by giving attention to vitamin requirements.

'AKTA-VITE' gives you the vitamins

'AKTA-VITE' has been specially designed to provide a "cover" of those four important vitamins already mentioned—A, B₁, C and D. It contains each of these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that only small amounts are needed to bring the average diet right up to full requirements. Anyone taking 'AKTA-VITE', if they have been even slightly deficient in any of these vitamins, will soon

feel the benefit in better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. By restoring the lacking vitamins, 'AKTA-VITE' acts as a tonic of the most natural kind—a food tonic.

'AKTA-VITE' makes an excellent hot or cold-milk drink—but it can be taken in a number of other enjoyable ways—sprinkled on ice-cream, fruit dishes or breakfast cereals, sweets, junkets, etc., or in bread and butter sandwiches.

One important point to be realised about 'AKTA-VITE' is that its pleasant taste should not lead to the belief that it is just another ordinary "milk addition" product. 'AKTA-VITE' is a supplier of large amounts of essential vitamins in a pleasant-to-take form.

Everyone in your family can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'

For strenuous sports

Athletes have every reason to give attention to their vitamin requirements. 'AKTA-VITE' helps the body to use the food efficiently; without adequate vitamin intake energy-giving foods can be largely wasted.

For 'energy burners'

There are many people who,



either because of their serious, conscientious nature or by force of circumstances, are continually driving themselves. 'AKTA-VITE' to such people is a boon, stimu-

lating the appetite which may be dulled through lack of proper exercise, soothing the nerves and aiding the mental condition by promoting sleep.

For convalescents

The further one is from normal health the more the need to build up. The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B₁, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

For striving students and adolescents

Rapid growth and long hours of study may take heavy toll of health if allowed to go on too long. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In



ALL cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended at such times.

For the housewife

The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

For expectant mothers

The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also

'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.



For early growth

Toddlers and children need greater amounts of vitamins during periods of rapid growth. During such times 'AKTA-VITE' will be found a boon, giving them their vitamins in acceptable form. Children who dislike milk love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.



a power for health Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 3d. a day.



FREE SAMPLE

Ask your chemist for a free sample of 'AKTA-VITE'. He will be glad to tell you more about this wonderful food tonic.

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

E90/5218



Second instalment of our serial by **ELIZABETH CADELL**

Bridal Array

TWO young men, SEBASTIAN PAGE and JOSS ARMSTRONG, stranded in France by a railway strike, agree to act as chauffeurs to the eccentric COMTESSE DE CHANDILLOT and drive her from St. Malo to her chateau at Lysaine, a small village. For the journey she has purchased an old taxi. They are accompanied by a small boy, MAURICE CARRON, who has travelled from Jersey in Joss' care. His aunt FRANCINE and grandfather, who live near the chateau, do not meet him as arranged.

Another passenger in the Jersey boat was pretty JESSICA DE VRAIS, who has eloped to marry HUBERT RAMAGE in Paris. Her wealthy father says he is a fortune-hunter, but Jessica is assured he is not when he meets her with a most expensive new car.

Later she is aghast to find that the suitcase containing her wedding frock has been taken by accident by the young Englishmen. She tells Hubert they must follow them. He refuses and tells Jessica he is the Comtesse's nephew and she will be very angry with him because he has used the money she gave him to buy a valuable screen at an auction sale to buy the car. Jessica is disillusioned in him and giving him the slip drives away alone in the car in pursuit of her suitcase. NOW READ ON:

THE countryside between St. Malo and Rennes does not rank scenically as the finest in France. There is nothing to catch the eye; the road is wide but unpicturesque, the villages unspectacular.

On this stretch of road, however, the attention of travellers is not usually on the scenery. Tourists in cars starting out from St. Malo are anxiously counting pieces of luggage or rearranging them to give more space and comfort to the occupants of the car; those nearing the port at the end of their tour are more often than not preoccupied with a multitude of details concerning papers and passports, the state of the sea, and the hope of getting the contraband home without discovery. France, therefore, is content to reserve her beauties until visitors are at leisure to observe them. She awaits the seeing eye.

This was fortunate for Joss and Sebastian, for

their first hour on the road was spent in trying to discover what the resurrected car had in mind—for it was only too clear, from the moment of leaving St. Malo, that the vehicle had a mind, and a strong one. Like an old lady enjoying an outing after a long period of seclusion, the car seemed intoxicated by the new and extraordinary things to be seen on the road.

She had been, in her day, a queen among cars, and so strong was her curiosity regarding the new fashions that no amount of persuasion or cajolery could prevent her from skating sedately into the middle of the highway in order to get a closer look at what was passing. She was not interested in the less expensive vehicles; she recognised style and sauntered speed. Figures, she seemed to say, were not what they were; this new line was too

To page 45

While the Comtesse was on the phone, Joss and Sebastian were watching with interest the arrival in the green car of Jessica de Vrais.

"I buy
my Talcum
Powder wisely!
do you?"

says DIANA ANDREWS,
leading Australian Model.



"When buying Talcum Powder I look for a tale that ensures day-long daintiness—a tale with a fresh, clean fragrance, and the new economy size gives more value for my money than ever before. That's why I choose

Potter & Moore
MITCHAM LAVENDER
TALCUM POWDER

the tale that contains ANOBAL, a deodorant additive that ensures day-long daintiness."

**NEW
GIANT
ECONOMY
SIZE**

Twice the quantity
of tale for only

5/6

Standard Size ...
3/3

Lately Models JUNE MASSEY and JOAN BILCEAUX also wisely choose
Potter & Moore Mitcham Lavender Talcum Powder.

make your choice

Potter & Moore
Mitcham Lavender
TALCUM POWDER

Nothing cleans windows like

KIWI GLINT

economical cleaner for glass and chrome



Smooth liquid Kiwi Glint is a cleaner with a multitude of uses. It replaces those separate cleaners for glass and chrome—and one bottle lasts for months. It can't scratch even the most delicate surfaces... cleans mirrors cleaner—keeps them brighter longer. Kiwi Glint saves you money... time... and effort while it does the job better.

*N.B. Car windows are a
Cinch with Kiwi Glint
—so is the chrome!*



A complete short story by BETH LUCAS

I DON'T know who actually wrote this story; I do know, however, that it made such an impression then that whenever I catch glimpses from car or train windows of lonely streets lined with avenues of trees and lighted with solitary street lamps which leave most of the pavements in darkness, the few houses dark, gloomy monsters looming behind them, I experience the same feeling of chill as when I picked up that book one cold winter's evening and sat reading.

I cannot now remember the proper sequence of events or details of the tale and have had to invent the first part of it myself. But it may still be recognisable to anyone who has come across it and I hope it does not suffer too badly from my recounting of it. And perhaps, now I have written it down, those quiet street scenes will no longer evoke the memory of the tale, which would be a good thing, for I am too much taken to dwelling on stories of a morbid nature, and having told this particular one to you I may be more able to forget it.

It was very quiet in the block of flats that late afternoon. A light blanket of fog had settled over the town and the usual bustle of the peak-hour traffic failed to reach this far except for an odd foghorn from the ferries in the harbor and the occasional horn from a passing car, visible only as a sudden sweep of headlights and a subdued flash of color.

No breeze ruffled the leaves of the ranks of tall elms that stood solitary sentinels in front of the houses in the street, and as yet none of these houses showed any comforting gleams of light from their windows.

Ruth stood at the window looking out over the dim outlines of foliage and buildings. The light from the one street lamp across the road did little to dispel the gloom of the evening and she shivered slightly, pulling her cardigan tighter over her shoulders.

She wished that Bob hadn't had to be away this weekend; she was unable to explain the despondency and nervousness that seemed to have taken control of her, and the cold and fog hadn't helped at all.

Her husband was one of the junior members of a large city law firm, and when any out-of-town work cropped up she knew it was only natural that the older men would relegate that work to their younger colleagues. Still, she missed him dreadfully, and as they had not been in the strange city for long she hadn't yet made friends with whom she could have whiled away the days till he returned.

Bob had worried a little over this, telling her she should make an effort to get to know the other girls in the neighboring apartments, but she was by nature a shy girl and was rather reluctant to make the first move. Besides, with Bob here she never particularly wanted any other companionship than his, and most of these girls worked too, so that when they came home at night so, of course, did he, and there was dinner to prepare and clear away and all the trivialities of the day to discuss with him.

Still, it would have been nice to have someone she could drop in on this evening for a quiet talk, and she felt perhaps she should make the effort this next week, for the hours dragged heavily with only the small modern flat to care for and no husband's homecoming to look forward to all day.

At last she turned and went into the compact kitchen to prepare a light meal, setting the small table in the dining

nook and making tea. It was boring, she thought, getting food for herself; only three more days of it, though, and she'd be able to set her restless mind to thinking up more interesting menus for the two of them again.

Ruth ate slowly, savoring the fragrance of the steaming cups of tea, then, leaning back in her chair, lit a cigarette and watched the smoke curl lazily up in the still air. It was strange, she reflected, that she should get so much pleasure from smoking tonight. Ordinarily she hardly ever touched them.

Gathering the soiled dishes she piled them in the sink and let the hot water run over them. The radio on the shelf over her head droned softly on, heartsick girls and swains crooning of their loves lost or far away, and Ruth smiled wryly at herself for the thought that it might almost as well be one thing as the other.

She wiped up and stacked everything neatly away in the crockery cupboards and went again to the window overlooking the front street.

The fog had almost lifted and a few of the homes showed pale yellow streams of light. Then, a little to one side of the lamp, almost in the shadows, a slight movement caught her eye, and she saw a man in a long, bulky overcoat standing near the bus stop.

She had noticed a blurred figure in the same spot earlier in the evening and wondered idly why he didn't walk to the next street, at the end of which was another stop served by a fairly regular service. The buses only ran every fifty minutes on this line, so he'd have quite a wait for the next one. Perhaps he didn't know this part of town very well himself.

She watched him turn and walk a few steps toward the road, then hesitate, looking up toward her lighted window in which her form was silhouetted against the lighted interior of the room behind her. She turned hurriedly away, pulling the curtain across, and picked up the book she'd left lying on a nearby table. It wasn't a particularly interesting one, and as she ruffled halfheartedly through the pages she was filled with a sudden restlessness and sense of oppression.

In spite of the cold the four walls seemed to be closing in on her and she experienced a slight feeling of panic as though she were compelled to get out into the air, anywhere so long as it was away from the dreariness of these lonely rooms. She couldn't just sit here all night, she thought, and was annoyed with herself at her indecision.

She threw the book away from her and paced up and down the room for a few minutes, then made up her mind to go out. She'd seen a good picture advertised on the billboards of the local picture theatre, and at least the story would tend to make her forget her loneliness and unreasonable fit of depression.

As she closed the living-room window she saw the figure still waiting patiently a little to the side of the stop. Oh, well, he'd been waiting this long the bus was bound to arrive pretty shortly. She drew on her gloves and belted her coat around her and, locking the door of the apartment, walked downstairs out on to the pavement. She glanced at the man on the opposite side of the road, but he gave no indication of being aware of her existence and she walked quickly by.

Further on she gradually became aware of a slight uneasiness and then a peculiar sensation of fear; once or twice she imagined she heard footsteps close behind her, but on pausing



As Ruth left the building she glanced quickly at the man on the opposite side of the road, and hurried on.

and looking back she found the foot-path bare.

"Imagination," she said aloud, and jumped slightly at the sound of her own voice. Ridiculous to feel nervous when there were so many houses close by, and this part of the neighborhood was really well lit. Yet the feeling persisted; it brought back to her the name of another film she'd seen, something about a thousand eyes—oh, yes, that was it, "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." If it had, she thought, they were surely all trained on her back.

She glanced back repeatedly now and was horrified at the unbidden thoughts that came crowding to her mind, every uncanny and horrible occurrence she'd ever heard or read of came back to her, and as she hurried on the panic rose within her.

Her breath came quickly and she almost ran the short distance remaining to the shopping centre. How wonderful, she told herself, to see so many wonderful human beings! And, of course, the brightly lit shops and parked cars.

A bus passed, tightly packed with its human freight, and she recalled the man at the stop outside the block of flats and wondered if he were amongst the passengers.

She walked, leisurely now, to the theatre and bought her ticket. It was warm inside and there seemed to be a fair-sized audience; Ruth felt her tension evaporating and laughed a little.

She'd certainly been acting rather like the heroine in some outdated Victorian melodrama. As if anything were likely to happen to her in this nice select suburb—things such as she'd been imagining only happened in stories.

There were plenty of people around the place at this time of night who would hear any call for aid. If she ever had occasion to make such a call it would most certainly not go unanswered, she hastened to reassure herself.

The film was a good one, and Ruth sat back and soon became engrossed in it. When she came outside afterwards she felt a great deal happier and was inclined to scoff at herself for her earlier attack of nerves.

At the news-stand she bought an evening edition and went into a nearby cafe for a cup of coffee. She sat down, after giving her order, and glanced through the paper. The heading on the second page stared at her—it seemed clearer than any of the other print—and had attracted her attention at once.

"TWO WOMEN ATTACKED LAST NIGHT BY UNKNOWN MONSTER" it said, with all the brashness with which newspapers make the most of some unusual occurrence.

Ruth shivered; she wished desperately that she hadn't bought the wretched thing, but even as she did she knew she would read about it.

It appeared that a strange man had been observed loitering in the neighborhood of a fairly distant suburb, but when police had arrived, on receiving complaints from some of the householders, they had found no sign of him and concluded that it had been merely some vagrant who had just moved on.

However, in a secluded bushy spot this morning one woman had been found unconscious and severely battered, and she was now in hospital. Her condition, went on the report, had been described as serious. The other victim had presented herself at the local police station late the

previous night and reported that someone had struck her from behind as she was on her way home from the restaurant in which she worked, but she had managed to defend herself with a small suitcase she carried and had run as far and fast as she could.

The man had given chase only for a short distance, then stopped, and although she had no very clear idea of his appearance, she had said that he was of medium height and wearing a long, very bulky, overcoat.

Police were investigating, and if anyone had any information that might lead to this person's arrest they were to contact their nearest police station. In the meantime, women living in that district were advised not to venture out at night unescorted and to stay indoors as much as possible after dark.

Ruth groaned to herself. "Long, bulky overcoat," she repeated to herself several times as though trying to shake off any idea of association between her stranger at the bus stop and the man of the newspaper story. And the nearest police station indeed. That was a couple of suburbs away, and, anyway, what a fool she'd look if the man she'd seen turned out to be one of her neighbors. She supposed there were thousands of men in the city who answered the loose

To page 44

Look!

.....

.....the **CUTEX** look!

Yours for the asking . . . the Cutex look—the gay, fascinating look of perfectly matched lipstick and nail polish—in exciting, brilliant colours. Creamy, smooth colour that is stay-fast on your lips . . . stays on even after a kiss! So economical too.

Matching Cutex nail polish that keeps fingertips glowing with perfect colour. Flatter your lips and fingertips today with the look . . . the gay glamorous look of matching Cutex Lipstick and Nail Polish.

For lasting beauty . . .

CUTEX

CUTEX STAYFAST LIPSTICK	4/11
CUTEX NAIL POLISH	3/3 REGULAR
CUTEX NAIL BRILLIANCE	4/9



A short story
complete on this page

...Oh, to be Seventeen

By PAL CLEARY



Peggy ruffled her hair, trying to get a smouldering foreign-movie look.

IT was Peggy's first dance, and the house should have been gay on such an important occasion. But everything was quiet. Was it because her sister had lost one boy-friend? Surely it didn't matter that Ray Pearce had left town without saying goodbye? There were always so many boys buzzing around Juanita.

Peggy shivered in anticipation. Some day she'd be seventeen, too; not flaming-haired like Juanita—unless she dyed it—but a poised, graceful seventeen nevertheless.

Mum always said, "Peggy, darling, don't try to skip the years." But sometimes Peggy thought she'd die before she reached seventeen and all its magic.

Three more years. And each step along the way Juanita had taken first. It was awful to be the second child, to have no one really excited when things happened to you because they'd all happened before—to Juanita.

Carefully she combed her dark hair and then ruffled it with desperate fingers to get a smouldering, foreign-movie look. "Peggy," she said to the mirror, "oh, why did they call me Peggy?" She whirled this way and that.

Quickly she dabbed a little of Juanita's perfume behind each ear and ran down the stairs.

Mum was in the lounge-room whispering to Juanita, and Peggy stared at her sister, so much older and prettier, so everything Peggy wanted to be and just couldn't manage.

"I know you're only going for Peggy's sake," Mum was saying in her low, we-have-a-secret voice. "It'll do you good to get out, and I'm sure Ray—"

"What about Ray?" Peggy asked. "Did he call?"

"No, dear. My, you both look beautiful!" Mum stepped back, but her eyes were on Juanita, and a long pull of hurt held Peggy's tongue. She wanted to say something, anything, to catch her mother's attention, but she just stood there while a quick, unbidden anger flared to the surface.

"I hate my dress," she blurted. It wasn't true, but she said it anyway.

"You're just a little nervous," Mum said, forgiving her mood.

She longed to run into her mother's arms, but now there was no turning back. "I look a mess!"

"A prettier mess I've yet to see," Dad's smile was calm. "Peg, you look wonderful." He placed a strong arm around each daughter. "We all have difficult moments. You'll both be okay—"

What did he mean—both?

"Getting late, girls," Mum said gently. Then Juanita led the way out of the house and down the street, and as she walked her taffeta cape rustled and gleamed in the darkness, and her red hair bounced in soft rhythm to her step. Juanita was perfect.

"Relax, Peg," Juanita said. "A formal dance is no different from any other party. You know all these kids."

The hall was alive with voices and music and high-keyed laughter, and Peggy was terribly afraid. She knew all the kids all right, but they looked strange, unfamiliar.

Juanita held Peggy's hand, making the moment worse. "There's your crowd," Peggy said. "I'm all right."

So Juanita disappeared within a circle of friends, her voice a gay, lilting sound. And soon she was dancing, her face upturned and, oh, so lovely. What was she saying that made her partner hold her as if she were a queen? Panic pressed Peggy against the wall like a ghost, unseen, unwanted.

"Hello." It was Steve Morrow. She knew him well, he lived next door. This was different. This was not the Steve who skylarked on his way home from school, helped her with homework, and was captain of the football team.

"Hello," she said stiffly.

"What's new?" She thought of so many things to say, but the thoughts caught and tangled in her throat. Steve was a stranger in a light suit and with slicked hair.

"Dance?" he said.

"All right—"

They danced in silence, and they sat in silence, and then they sipped a cool drink in silence. He didn't move away, and she wanted to die because he didn't, and she knew she'd die if he did. Steve stared silently ahead.

"I'll be back—" she gulped. Blindly she stumbled through the gaiety, out of the hall, up the stairs to a classroom. It was dark and empty—as empty as her heart. "Oh, please—" She stood at the window hoping God would look down from the sky and see all the things she needed so much. "Please—"

Suddenly footsteps and murmuring voices reached towards the room. She was trapped. She slipped behind a chair and crouched down low. The door closed. There were soft whispers, sighs, silence, and more sighs.

She peeked around the chair's edge. She saw two figures kissing, kissing as if they'd never stop. This wasn't soft and pretty like a movie kiss. It was wild and eager and hungry. And then she saw that the girl was Juanita. Juanita—kissing like that!

"I love you . . . I'll never let you go . . ." the man said. It couldn't be, yet it was, Ray Pearce.

Peggy waited for Juanita to speak. What wonderful words would she use for a moment like this?

"I was so miserable," Juanita was crying, clinging to Ray. "Three weeks without a word. I didn't know what to do—"

"Don't cry, sweetheart. We're all set now. I found a job in Sydney. In a newspaper office."

"Darling, how wonderful." Again they moved together, forming one

swaying shadow. "Ray, oh, Ray, I was sure you'd stopped loving me . . ."

"Never, darling, never." He swooped Juanita high off the floor. "Let's get out of here—" As quickly as they'd come they were gone, their footsteps echoing as one in the quiet hall.

Peggy jumped to her feet, torn by disappointment. The whole thing was complicated and serious and so—unromantic.

Now she was all alone. She was not seventeen; she didn't even want that any more; she was not popular, either—not anything. She longed to step back into the simple world of dolls and other loves long since past, but she knew she didn't belong there any more, either. She didn't belong anywhere, except home.

She fled down the stairs, away from the hall, running, running, urgent for home. She pictured Mum's shoulder tight against her tears and Dad saying the right words. "We all have difficult moments," he'd said, just tonight. Now she knew what he had meant. Some day she'd be like Juanita, wanting the things Juanita wanted. But not for a long, long time.

Abruptly her thoughts skipped to the kids in school, talking, talking about the dance. "What happened, Peggy? Why the disappearing act?" they'd ask, knowing the answer.

And suddenly she stopped running, held by a need to prove something about herself, to face fear in her own way. With trembling fingers she smoothed her hair and then, lifting one reluctant foot after the other, marched back to the hall.

For a moment she blinked. Was it the bright lights or was it because she was so afraid of not belonging?

Then a hand touched her shoulder and she whirled. "You said you'd be back." Steve's voice cracked in anger. "I waited and waited—"

For an awkward moment he glared at her. Would he be the one she'd kiss so hard and cry for in the night? She thought of Juanita's world, all grown-up and queer and secret, and the three years stretched into a safe, safe distance. "I was—"

"Well, where were you?" His words were bold, but his eyes were shy, like a boy playing the part of a man. "Necking? If that's what you want—"

"Necking is for the birds," she said, playing the game as bold as he.

He laughed—a raucous laugh, a school laugh. It was easy to joke about love when they both knew it wasn't real. Not for them. Not yet.

"Dance?" he said.

"All right," she said. The difficult moment passed and they moved in easy rhythm. With the other kids.

(Copyright)

Laughing Stock

DARLING, you should never have married a doctor, though I'm awfully glad you did. I can still see your face, Chris, and hear your voice when I first explained that I could not discuss with you what I had learned from my patients. "But I'm your wife!" you said. "You mean to say that old oath applies to a doctor's wife?"

"I'm afraid it does," I said. "You see, patients often voluntarily tell doctors secrets they wouldn't discuss with their best friends."

"But . . ." you said, "I wouldn't tell."

"You might let something slip," I said.

"But what will we say to each other as we go down through the years hand in hand?" you laughed.

"You'll think of something," I said.

"I daresay," you said. "But I'll also have a few well-chosen words to say to Hippocrates when I meet that silly old Greek!"

Well, you've always thought of something. Or I have. And occasionally—when we didn't want to talk—there was nothing wrong with the silences, was there? And yet I'd like to have shared a few things with you that I could not.

So I'm taking notes from time to time and perhaps after I'm gone, if you still care, you may find here in this little book the answers to a few questions you have asked and I could not answer simply because I knew the answers and nobody else did. Questions like, "Do you suppose Abby Simmons knows David doesn't love her?"

I could come straight out and say Yes or No, but you'd hate that, wouldn't you? You've always wanted

direct quotes—what he said, and what she said, and how they looked at the time—so I'll do my best. And I think I'd better go back to the beginning . . .

I remember the way you behaved over that note from David telling you he was bringing a bride home.

You read it aloud in a shocked, hushed voice: "Dear Chris. I have a surprise for you and John and the rest of the crowd. It seems I got married. Abby and I will be home next Sunday and, of course, I want you to meet her and like her."

"Well, what do you know?" I said.

"But, David—" you said.

"Even David," I repeated. "Aren't you happy for him?"

"If she's the right girl," you said. "David should have someone special."

"Chris," I sighed. "If bachelors waited for their women friends to select the right girls for them, mounting population would not be a world problem."

"Oh, shut up," you said, and picked up the telephone to cry "Havoc!" to The Girls.

I watched as you walked into the Simmons' house that Sunday evening. You were completely unnatural, but, oh, so charming, so suspiciously sweet. You kissed David with a light, proprietary air and then, before he could speak, turned to the tall girl at his side.

"So this is Abby," you said. You took her hand and then added, "We've always wondered what type of girl would sweep David off his feet. Heaven knows, we've thrown enough samples at him, but I see now where we went wrong."

You should have been spanked, my darling, but I couldn't blame you too much, for this was anything but what you considered "the right girl" for David.

In the first place, she was three inches taller than he, with the kind of wild red hair that springs away from any grooming. Her skin was brown from sun and wind, and she did not know what to do with her hands, though that day she obviously could not keep them off David.

"He didn't have a chance," Abby laughed, and the laugh was big and booming. "I just popped Mr. Question the third day after we met and he gave in. Ask him, just ask him."

"Dear," David said quietly. "Not so loud. You'll shatter mother's Sandwich glass."

"He slays me," Abby cried. "What a sense of humor!" And then her laughter ricocheted off the discreetly papered walls again.

That was the first time I observed The Look on David's face, a look that was to become as familiar as Abby's explosive laugh. David turned it on us both.

It said—at least this was my interpretation of it—"You'll have to overlook many things in Abby for my sake. But she amuses me, don't ask me why, and please don't let her make any difference between us." But that time The Look was quickly superseded by a frown as Abby's elbow dug into his ribs.

"Go on; tell 'em, Dave," she prompted. None of us had ever thought of calling David "Dave."

"About what?" David asked politely as he recovered his balance.



It was quite impossible to
take Abby seriously . . .
an unusual story

BY DALE EUNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA ROBERTSON

"My proposal," Abby said.

"Ah," David said, turning towards the door. "Here are the Wileys."

Joe and Millie must have been somewhat confused by the effusiveness of our greeting. Then through the confusion I remember hearing David's gentle voice murmur sociably, "I want you to meet Abby."

"Yeah," Abby said, extending her big hand. "Step right up, folks. Meet the wife and don't laugh."

"Well," Millie said, "well!" wincing as her fat little fingers fell prey to Abby's stevedore grip. At the moment this was as effective a comment as any, though an unworthy harbinger of the millions of words The Girls were to exchange about Abby Simmons during the next few years.

They began to flow at our house that night. Remember? You asked the Wileys and the Comptons—with a significant lift of your eyebrows—to stop by for a nightcap. They accepted all too eagerly.

"Well!" you said when the others arrived soon after we were home, "who's first?"

"Me," Ann said with a glitter in her eyes. "I had my wits about me, once I struggled up out of shock. Trust little Annie. I asked her about her background."

"Background!" Millie snorted. "That's obvious. Her mother hauled the sprinkler between races at Belmont Park."

"I wish I'd said that," you said.

"Anyway," Ann said, "it's not true. She comes from good upper—quite upper—upper middle-class stock. Father owns a big factory. Mother's great-grandfather captained a clipper ship around the Horn."

Your question, "Then how do you account for this goon girl?" was answered to the satisfaction of all by another question, "How do you account for Mongoloids?" Abby was rated as a boor, a freak, and an octopus who would squeeze the life forces out of poor, poor David unless something could be done fast.

To page 34

It wasn't very long before
Abby, with her funny ways,
became the talk of the town.

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STRANGE but TRUE

LOST DIAMOND RING FOUND IN SLEEP

● An unusual dream story from Mrs. R. Shone, Claremont, Tas., wins first prize of £20 in our contest this week.

HERE is Mrs. Shone's winning entry:

As a teenager, my sister once secretly borrowed a girl-friend's diamond ring to wear to a ball. In the early hours of the morning she shook me awake, wringing her hands and weeping wildly because she had lost the ring.

We tried to trace her movements, but she was so distracted she could not even remember clearly whether she had been wearing the ring when she left for the ball.

Eventually she fell asleep from exhaustion, but I was still awake when she got up and went out into the garden to the clothes-line, sleep-walking. There she fumbled in the peg-bag on the line and returned to the bedroom.

As she was getting back into her bed she seemed to wake up, and said to me, "I dreamed the ring is in the peg-bag. Do you remember that I washed a pair of stockings before I went out? The ring must have slipped off my finger when I went to hang them on the line."

She was about to go out again when I told her what had happened and, to her great relief, pointed to the ring already back on her finger.

Prizes of £5 each were awarded the following:

Windfall

BROKE to the wide after losing my allowances from England which my late husband's people had been sending me, I was desperate for a job.

I had answered many advertisements without avail and, as I was staying with some kind friends, and did not wish to encroach upon their generosity, I longed for, say, 10/- with which to advertise.

Dependently thinking of this, I was walking along a road which ran parallel with the railway line when the mail

train rushed past with terrific speed, and out of it, slowly fluttering, somersaulting, careering high in the air till finally it stood propped up by a small bush, came a 10/- note.

Yes, I got the job.

Mrs. T. R. Barnett, Box 32, P.O., Werri Creek, N.S.W.

Many a true word—

HAVING a day in town with a friend some years ago, we thought we could not end the happy outing without the fun of having our tea-cups read.

To save time when the reader began the usual patter, I told her she could dispense with the past and tell me of my future. She obliged by telling me that within a year I would be going on a sea journey with my two children.

I smiled at this, as I was the mother of an only child, a boy of six years, with no hope of ever having another. I was amused, too, when told I would join my husband, who had preceded me by sea.

Still in joking mood, I asked if there were any births or deaths in my future, to which the reader replied she could see one of each.

My friend's future consisted of ordinary events.

Six months later my husband took a position at Thursday Island and I followed him six months afterwards accompanied by my son and—a two-months-old daughter.

Two days before sailing I had received a telegram telling me my friend had been killed in a car accident.

Mrs. L. Roberts, Yacht St., Clontarf Beach, Qld.

Vanishing Afghan

CROSSING the Nullarbor Plain to Western Australia by car with a friend about thirty years ago, we were following a mere track late one day.

Suddenly we both exclaimed on seeing a one-horse covered

HOW TO ENTER

WRITE your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING THE STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter this contest.

van jog across the track ahead. It was the kind of vehicle once used by hawkers, and we both saw it plainly as it came out of the scrub and disappeared into more scrub.

As we weren't sure of our way, we tried to catch up with it to make inquiries. We watched for the crossing, got out of the car, and looked for wheel or hoof marks in the sand, but found nothing.

We camped the night near a rocky outcrop and next day reached a homestead, where the people asked where we had camped. When told, they asked if we had seen a ghost.

The spot was called The Afghan Rocks, because an Afghan hawker had been murdered there some time before, his horse and van stolen, and his ghost was said to haunt the vicinity.

As we had never heard the story, yet had both seen the same thing, we were left wondering—had we really seen a ghost?

Miss R. Higgins, 5 Melb-wraith St., Carlton N.E. Vic.



● Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

MY mother was very conscious of her freckled face until she first met my father. He said to her:

"My dear, a girl without freckles is like a sky without stars."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. Deborah O'Neill, 70 Well Street, Morwell, Vic.

Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

I HAVE always prided myself on my special boiled fruit cake, so when my husband told me one morning he would call in at afternoon-tea time with a business associate, I set to and made a cake for the occasion. The visitor seemed to enjoy his first slice, so I invited him to have a second.

"Oh, my word, my word, I will," he said effusively. "As I always say to the wife, there's nothing I like better than cold plum pudding."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. L. Alley, Gelding Street, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.



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Letters from our Readers

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

THERE are so many high-priced but inferior articles on sale today that I consider it is time for a public protest. For example, I bought a pair of expensive slippers recently, and after I'd worn them just a few times, the soles fell off. They were merely stuck on, and not very securely at that. This seems to be typical of many goods today. Wouldn't it be justifiable if Housewives' Associations had a nation-wide campaign against this shoddy work? I think they should have window displays of the inferior products, and attach the manufacturers' names and receipts showing purchase dates.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. D. Leslie, 31a Brunswick St., North Walkerville, S.A.

RECENTLY my husband bought a book dealing with prison camp atrocities during World War II. I read the book, and was amazed at the feeling of hatred it aroused in me for the people concerned. Surely the time is overdue for banning this and other war stories from publication in Australia. Many people from countries once at war with Australia are now trying to start a new life among us here. How can we make them feel welcome when books stirring up such bad feeling are so widely obtainable?

10/6 to "Brownie" (name supplied), Launceston, Tas.

I MUST be honest and say those mother-in-law jokes leave me flat. Having battled my way through with six babes without my parents or in-laws to call on, I just feel irritated with those ungrateful young mothers who are nothing more than critical when they have mums and in-laws standing by and anxious to help. They don't know how lucky they are. We should have a cheer, not a wise-crack, for mothers-in-law.

10/6 to "Content" (name supplied), Hilton Park, W.A.

WHY can't telephone directories be printed in special phosphorescent ink, so that they can be read in the dark? This would be a great help in public phone booths at night, because often the light globes have been smashed by vandals or are "on the blink." Apart from the match-striking and peering this would save, it would also help in deciphering the spidery, pale inked type in which phone directories are now printed.

10/6 to Mrs. H. Malin, 29 Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

ALL parents are not in the same financial position, but can this be explained satisfactorily to children? Not at all. They can't see why they can't have what other children have. For example, our lass attends a secondary school, and it makes me boil when she comes home and tells me a school-mate has bragged because she has been promised a gold wrist-watch, or a new bike, or some other similar "trifle," if she does well in her examinations. So it goes on, and my daughter feels it isn't fair that she is expected to do as well for nothing. How difficult this kind of thing can be. Has any reader a solution?

10/6 to "Financial" (name supplied), Gladstone, Qld.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

The patient outpatient

AFTER reading Mrs. Wilson's letter (1/5/57) I also wonder why we don't give our outpatients a better deal in public hospitals. It is dreadful that elderly people and mothers with young children should have to wait for hours to see a doctor or specialist, but they must do this because hospitals insist on all patients attending at a certain time. Why don't our hospitals follow the lead of the London hospital I visited as a patient when I was in England recently? There, each patient is given an appointment card with the time to attend. At no time did I have to wait more than 5 to 10 minutes. This certainly is a much more humane way of treating sick people.

10/6 to Mrs. Florence Moore, 1 Gray St., Granville, N.S.W.

Educating girls

HOW can a mother be sure that her daughter will marry is the question asked by "N.A." (15/5/57). That's hard to say, but I think it's high time all mothers realised that no amount of education is ever wasted on a girl, even if she marries young. The role of wife and mother is a career involving many jobs and needing a wealth of experience. It therefore requires the best of a varied training, and, even if it were certain that girls would marry, I think they should remain at school as long as possible.

10/6 to P. L. Mullins, "Hill View," Rockley, N.S.W.

Family affairs

WITH our children forever wanting to listen to radio quiz programmes and serials, my husband and I never seemed to be able to tune in to a programme we enjoyed. So we talked it over with the children, and drew up a list of our likes and theirs. Now, three nights a week we have the programmes of our choice, and the other four nights the ones the children enjoy. This way we find the whole family enjoys the radio seven nights a week, because we now share one another's interests in the various programmes.

£1/1/- to Mrs. T. Short, cnr. Ada and Pemberton Sts., Strathfield, N.S.W.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

I AM going to give some hints this week on televisiting.

A televisor is someone who goes to look at someone else's television set.

I'm one myself, though I hope not to be one for long. I have two tickets in a raffle for a TV set that is being held by our local football club.

There are several ways of seeing TV programmes without buying a set.

One way is to stand in front of an electrician's shop where they have a set going at night.

But this is not satisfactory, especially in cold weather.

You can't change the programme when you want to. You can't sit down, unless you bring a stool.

Also, the more selfish electricians don't turn on their sets on Sundays.

In Sydney, where there is late closing, a man can see television in hotel bars. But the noise makes it hard to catch the finer points of dialogue.

On the whole, the best course is to go televisiting.

FREE LOOK-SEE

The snag is to do it without wearing out your welcome.

The Cathodes, in our district, were kindness itself when I first went there on Sundays to see Hopalong Cassidy.

But when I started going on Mondays to see Disneyland, and on Tues-



days for Four Star Playhouse, and on Wednesdays for Rin Tin Tin, there was a slight coolness.

Mr. Cathode would say: "You again!" and stamp out of the room.

No, the thing, if possible, is to get

a wide panel of telequipped friends.

Keep an eye open for TV installation vans in your neighborhood. People who have just got a set show maximum tolerance of televisitors.

Just the same, it is wise to observe a few "Don'ts."

Don't make critical remarks about the set.

This is why Cec McGoon is such an unpopular televisor.

He plunks himself down and says: "The ghost image is bad tonight, isn't it? You ought to get better reception here. The Donklings' picture is perfect. But of course their aerial is bigger."

Don't sit in the Floating Chair. This is the big chair that was moved out of the corner to make room for the TV set. Your host usually wants it himself.

Don't tell your host or hostess to be quiet when they talk during a programme.

Above all, don't make a welter of it.

These tips are of no use yet to readers in televirgin cities like Brisbane or Perth—but their turn will come.

ENGLISHMEN don't know a dance-belt from a step-in, says Miss Lyla Reed, foundation-garment expert, of Lindfield, N.S.W., who returned recently from a seven weeks' trip to England, Scotland, and the United States.

"Manufacturers in England advertise most discreetly, if at all," she said.

"But in America there's such constant advertising in all media, to buy this brassiere or that corset, that American men become foundation-garment-conscious."

Miss Reed, tall, dark, attractive, was one of the founders of her company 25 years ago.

She is now a director—one of the few women directors of public companies in Australia.

"One thing that surprised me in the States," she said, "was that 80 per cent of all brassieres are padded."

"Nobody wants to look small-busted these days. Even women with larger busts wear discreetly padded brassieres."

Miss Reed said that American women were the most foundation-garment-conscious in the world, with Australians not too far behind.

"An American woman would never dream of wearing out to dinner a brassiere she had been wearing all day. She changes her underclothes to suit each dress."

"All underwear in the States is very frilly and feminine at the moment."

"I love America," she added, "but I'm always glad to get home. The day there begins with business appointments over breakfast; and a luncheon or dinner appointment is never just for the meal, but always to talk 'deals' or contracts. The pace is terrific."

Worth Reporting

Dancer is painter, too

ELENA KEPALAITE, talented young Lithuanian ballet and expressive dancer, who has been in Sydney for a few weeks preparing for a recital at the Conservatorium Hall on May 31, is also a painter of the abstract school.

Elena studied classical ballet in her home town of Vilna and danced in Vilna opera. In Germany, she changed to expressive dancing and trained with the Mary Wigman Group, a famous academy of modern dance.

She came to Australia eight years ago after dancing in most of Europe's main cities and gave her first Australian recital at Melbourne Town Hall.

The recital on May 31 will be her second in Sydney and her last. She leaves in two months for Canada, where she plans to work for some years.

In the art world, Elena has often exhibited with the Melbourne Contemporary Art Society.

★ ★ ★

HAT tip for travellers. Mrs. Joy Smail, fashion adviser to the French cotton industry, who is on her third visit to Australia, wears veils instead of hats on her travels.

At a luncheon-party in Melbourne she had a beige cotton mesh veil tied over her forehead and gathered in a pouf at the back of her head.

She said: "I have brought ten veils to Australia in colors to match my dresses."



Planning tours for famous

ATTRACTIVE Sydney girl Norma Chisholm, home on a working holiday after nearly seven years abroad, is travelling all States to organise Australian visits for famous friends with whom she worked in England and the United States.

Norma, who has a publicity business in London, is arranging visits this year for Mexican actress Katy Jurado, Greek singer and actress Kitza Kazacos, and Greek dancer Lili Berde.

Katy Jurado has been nominated three times for a Hollywood Academy Award; Lili Berde, former prima ballerina of Greece, now specialises in interpretive dancing; and Kitza Kazacos has her own TV programme in London.

"Another of my friends, New Zealand artist Cliff Everson, will visit Australia in July or August, depending on where

and when I can organise exhibitions for him," said Norma.

"In the exhibitions will be his portrait of New Zealand ballerina Rowena Jackson, presented by the Duchess of Bedford to the High Commissioner for New Zealand to hang in New Zealand House, London," she said.

Rowena Jackson is already in Australia. She is appearing with Dame Margot Fonteyn in a four weeks' season in Sydney and Melbourne.

Cliff Everson has illustrated books for Louis Bromfield and Agatha Christie, and one on bees for Sir Edmund Hillary. His portrait of King George VI was commissioned for the Royal New Zealand Air Force.

★ ★ ★

WHEN a Brisbane doctor recently asked a new patient her age, she said, "Put down whatever you think I look. Your guess would be much nearer the truth than what I'd tell you."

Charleston for "The Grand Duke"

A NINETEENTH-CENTURY Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "The Grand Duke or the Statutory Duel," will have its Australian premiere this month, when the Blackheath Musical Society stages the show at Blackheath and Katoomba, N.S.W.

Two society members, Mrs. Gwendolyn Hopton and Mrs. Marjorie Fryer, who visited Sydney shopping for "props," told us the opera, written in 1896, had been staged in London.

"Our producer, Alexander Joyce, changed the setting to the 1920s," said Mrs. Hopton. "So we've been buying long cigarette holders, milkjug beads for necklaces, and scarves for bandeaus."

"The men are wearing flannels, straw boaters, and striped blazers."

"My dress is genuinely 1920," said Mrs. Fryer. "It belonged to my mother. Worn over a gold taffeta slip, it's made of black net, scattered with sequins, and is scalloped round the hem. It's straight out of the Charleston era, which is fine, because we're dancing a Charleston in the show."

Altogether 60 people will take part in "The Grand Duke" when it is staged on June 18 and 20 at Blackheath Community Hall, and at Katoomba Town Hall on June 22.

The cast includes actors from the ranks of doctors, dentists, postal messengers, barbers, secretaries, and housewives.

A SPEAKER in a recent B.B.C. programme was talking about party games and their associations with weddings. He said:

"Take Blind Man's Buff. Variants of this have been found in most countries, but in the Outer Hebrides it used to be played in church—in the dark."

"The parson would line up the guests on either side of the church, blindfold the bride and groom lest any glimmer of light be taken advantage of, and then the couple were given three tries at finding each other within a specified time. If they failed, the marriage was off."

"In Campbelltown things were even worse. Once a year all the discontented couples were blindfolded and then mixed up. After a brief but roudy minute, the woman you managed to catch was yours."

Just a living doll

"ARCHIE ANDREWS

kissed me the moment we met," enthused a colleague who'd just gone along to see the famous puppet.

"He has a wide, enduring grin and big ogling eyes," she added. "But his kiss was cold and wooden."

Archie is the puppet with the personality of a cheeky 14-year-old, who has made a packet for London ventriloquist Peter Brough.

Peter Brough and Archie are well known here through the B.B.C. radio series "Educating Archie."

In this series Archie has a companion for all his misdeeds—a teenage terror called Monica. Monica has been left behind in London, but there will be an Australian substitute in the A.B.C. series "Archie in Australia," beginning May 28.

Archie will also appear at the Tivoli in Sydney.

Is your hair falling OUT?

NOW IS THE TIME TO ACT! It's an unpleasant shock—the sudden discovery that your hair is falling out. It's also a timely warning that you dare not ignore if you want to keep a healthy head of hair. Act now before the condition becomes more serious.

Hair falls out because the roots are starved of their vital food. That is why you need Pure Silvikrin urgently, for it contains, in concentrated form, all the eighteen essential hair-forming substances, known as amino-acids. Pure Silvikrin massaged into the scalp thus provides the hair roots with the natural food they need to produce healthy vigorous hair. Are you suffering with loss of hair? Then start using Pure Silvikrin today—there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

SILVIKRIN Products for hair care



PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp and for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies. Pure Silvikrin, a highly concentrated form of the hair's natural food.

Also available—Silvikrin Hair Tonic for those who prefer a non-oily dressing.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIRDRESSING. For daily hair grooming. Specially prepared to ensure handsome, healthy hair. Contains a measured quantity of Pure Silvikrin—so it is truly a tonic hairdressing.



Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD



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we know why...

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is the world's best tonic food drink!

It gives you the **EXTRA GOODNESS!**
of malt, milk and EGGS!

1 Malt, milk AND EGGS! This matchless combination of vital health foods is Ovaltine's special secret. Every rich granule of this superlative product has greater food value. No wonder Ovaltine gives you the glow of good health faster. The 'extra goodness' of eggs is the reason.

It's **FORTIFIED** with **EXTRA VITAMINS**
A, B₁, D and Niacin!

2 Vitamins A, B₁, D & Niacin, these are vim and vigour vitamins that give you the power to get more out of life ... that give you and your family more energy for work and play. Prove this to yourself by giving them Ovaltine every day.

You can choose
TWO DELICIOUS FLAVOURS!

3 Smooth wonderful CHOCOLATE and rich satisfying MALT flavours. Serve them hot or cold. M-m-m-m! They're delicious.

**NO OTHER TONIC FOOD DRINK
GIVES YOU ALL THREE!**

BUY DELICIOUS

OVALTINE

IT'S THE BEST — YET COSTS NO MORE



AW1357

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1957

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● The simple two-piece suit illustrated at right is an attractive answer to many letters requesting a comfortable and practical design for maternity wear.

HERE is a typical letter and my reply:

"WILL you help me with a design and paper pattern (size 36in. bust) for a practical outfit to wear during pregnancy? I am keeping my job for some months, so I would like a design suitable for office wear."

The easy-to-wear tailored suit illustrated at right with its collar-and-cuff interest is a trim and suitable for office wear. It also is practical because it can be broken into "separates" and coupled with other maternity-wardrobe garments. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"I AM making my first visit to England on a cargo boat and have no idea what is expected in shipboard dressing. Could you advise me?"

On passenger cargo ships, life is comfortable and quiet and you will dress accordingly. For shore visiting, have a comfortable cool dress or a comfortable warm suit, according to climate. On deck a skirt and blouse or shirt and slacks will be adequate. You will change for dinner, but don't be too dressy—there will be no gala nights. For dinner take any pretty not-too-formal dresses you own. You will need some type of

warm coat and shoes suitable for deck games.

"I HAVE enough deep-red brocade to make a frock and jacket. Could you suggest a style? My bust is 34in., waist 26in., and hips 36in."

As the material is brilliant and dressy, the design should be quite tailored. For the dress, I suggest a scooped neck, tiny sleeves, and a street-length skirt puffed out over a bouffant petticoat. Have the jacket waist-length, fitted, and finished with a tiny rounded collar, three-quarter sleeves, and self-material buttons.

"WOULD you help me with a renovation problem? I have a brown lace evening dress with a strapless top I now wish to make more covered. I still have 1½ yards of the lace, but I don't want a jacket style."

A fichu top caught with a clump of white roses would be a pretty and simple means of giving your strapless dress a more covered look.

"DO you think one of the new suits with an easy, fitted jacket would disguise a rather bulky figure?"

Frankly, no. The suit with an easy, fitted waistline or, as Paris calls it, a relaxed waistline is not intended to hide a bulky figure. This "looser" silhouette depends on a slim or at least well-controlled figure beneath for its casual, easy fit.

"AS I cannot afford to buy a lot of different outfits, I would like you to advise me on the most useful all-purpose day dress."

My advice is a suit rather than a dress. A well-tailored suit can renew itself with each change of hat or scarf or blouse. The classic grey flannel suit made single-breasted with an easy-waistline jacket and a box-pleated skirt would be my choice. Some of the newest overseas spring blouses are in chiffon and flowery lawn.

"ARE strapless-top frocks still being worn, and what is the correct ballroom length?"

Short, instep, and ankle length are seen in formal dresses. Some wide-skirted designs reach floor length at the back with shorter movement in front. The strapless decollete is still worn.

"IS a rather dark grey Donegal tweed suitable for a topcoat? If so, how could I brighten it? I have only enough material for a three-quarter-length coat."

Donegal tweed is excellent for a winter coat, and a short-cut coat is right in fashion. In New York and other United States fashion centres the new shorter-line coat is called a car coat. Have the coat made single-breasted and finished with a small collar and side vents and line it with bright scarlet.

"MY ambition is to make a full-length velvet evening skirt and a separate blouse. Would you suggest a color other than black for the skirt and the type of material for the blouse?"

I suggest amber velvet for the skirt and matching chiffon for the blouse.

"CAN I use red wool jersey for a winter jacket to wear with a navy skirt? I am 16 and have a 35in. bust and 26in. waist. The skirt is rather narrow."

Have the jersey made into what American dress manufacturers call a "blouson" jacket, with a sailor collar. A "blouson" is a jacket usually finished at waist level with a drawstring; or with soft, all-around blousing above a fitted band.

"I AM thinking about a new hat for my winter outfit, which is to be a fine black wool, and would like your advice. I am in my forties and have not as yet worn any of the new fashions in millinery."

Certainly wear one of the new hats. The "new look" millinery that caused so much comment and head-turning last spring is modified for winter, and, it's my guess, calmly accepted in all age groups. Numbers of the new hats are furry and fluffy; in this category white is extremely popular. Materials that swathe well, such as jersey, are used for turbans and draped designs. Mostly crowns are deep and high, either peaked or dome-shaped. Numbers are worn back to show the wearer's forehead.



DS244.—Maternity suit in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9. Patterns are available from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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The glamour home perm with 3 new waving benefits



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No other Perm has a Waving Lotion fresh as a summer breeze! But All New Toni is gently perfumed, pleasant to use. No harsh stinging ammonia fumes.

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These are beauty-givers, curling silky softness right into your hair . . . acting in a super-soft, non-drying way, so there's not the faintest possibility of frizz or fuzz with All New Toni.

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Making Toni the simplest wave ever! No tedious dabbing at every curl . . . you lock in the lovely wave by pouring satin-flowing Seal-A-Wave gently through your hair. It's as simple as rinsing!

You must try All new Toni

There's an All new Toni tailor-made for YOU!

REGULAR
for Normal hair

GENTLE
for Easy-to-wave hair

SUPER
for Hard-to-wave hair



USE All new Toni IN YOUR HOME — IN YOUR OWN TIME — IN YOUR OWN STYLE!

WINTER HATS

- fanciful and chic



FOUR giant renaissance berets folded into becoming shapes by famous London milliner Madame Vernier. The berets, made in jewel-toned velvet, are all worn tilted back to frame the face and show the brow. Berets—one of the biggest revivals in millinery — are in every important Paris and London collection.

● Although many of the winter hats will horrify the male population, they will mostly delight their wearers. They are gay, chic, and, if such an expression could be used for a hat, witty.

Colors are bright, but not, mind you, gaudy. In the news are jewel shades—sapphire, ruby, garnet, and emerald. Materials are rich, and often quite fanciful effects are achieved with furry-type materials and feathers.

Shapes can be small, middle-size, or large, worn pulled down on the head or back to leave the brow uncovered. A becoming hat worn at the right tilt should be a lavish compliment to its wearer.—BETTY KEEP.



LIKE jewelled flowers, two late-day hats by Simone Mirman (left) shine through dark leaves. The close-fitting blue toque is trimmed with bands of black and white beads; the coolie hat glistens with sequins.

FEATHERED hats make some of the prettiest millinery news. The two shown above are Vernier inspirations. Three bluebirds trim the backward-worn toque. The massed plumage on the fitted cap flutters softly.





ON PARADE—a regiment of busbies from London milliner Simone Mirman. A close-fitting cap of black cock feathers is trimmed with a red rose for after-dark wear. For daylight hours are two peaked toques in light and dark blue furry melusine and a basin-shape hat in tobacco-brown banded in matching ribbon.



MADAME VERNIER chooses a red rose made in feathers and a high, jutting feather to trim a dashing toque (above). The hat is made in melusine and is called "Robin Hood."

RED coin spots on white are used for a spectacular cloche (left). It is a spring model designed by Pierre, of Paris. The back-tipping drape is held by a big gold clip.

PARIS fashion from Pierre Balmain (right) is made in ruby-red velvet and banded and bound in matching ribbon. The crown, unlike most current fashions, is flat. The brim has a wonderful sweep.



It was here that I spoke up for the first time. "You forget," I said, "that he chose her. So it's nobody's business."

"Didn't you hear her say she had popped Mr. Question?" you said.

Yes, I had heard her, but I didn't know whether she meant it or not. Maybe telling it was her idea of humor. I tried to explain this, but you all began to hoot at me, even Joe Wiley and Terence Compton.

"I like her," I said. The way you looked at me I might as well have said I like deadly snakes.

"What do you like about her?" Joe asked above the babble.

Honestly, Chris, I hadn't really liked anything about her. I merely said that because, as you say, I'm contrary. Now I had to support what I had said. So I hesitated and then came up with the phrase that would haunt me whenever Abby Simmons' name was mentioned. "She's — warm," I said.

"Now, that's an interesting observation from a scientist," you said. "The doctor thinks she is warm. Is that good?"

I didn't know whether she was warm or frigid. But I'd said it. "And I think she's innately good, and kind, and I'll bet you the marriage lasts," I went on doggedly.

"Sure it'll last," you agreed. "Until she kills him."

"So now she's a homicidal maniac," I said angrily.

"There's more than one way to kill," Ann dripped acidly into the silence that followed. "Haven't you ever heard of being embarrassed to death, John?"

"No," I said. "I never have. Embarrassment is about as lethal as a hangnail. Do you know something, ladies? Do you know why you're all so indignant about this rather absurd and pitiful woman? You were all of you—you, too, Chris—a little bit in love with David Simmons. When you failed to receive understand-

Continuing . . . Laughing Stock from page 25

ing from your crude spouses, you could always run to David. And now a stranger has got him all to herself, so naturally she must pay for it."

"Well," Millie said. "Well, honestly!"

Wasn't that the only night of the many thousands we have spent together that we did not kiss each other before we went to sleep?

But of course no quarrel ever lasted, thanks to you. You shied away from the name Abby Simmons for a few days. But soon you were repeating to me what came to be known as "the Abby stories."

She observed, it would seem, none of the niceties of social decorum. If there was anything she did not know she barged ahead with a blunt, and often all-too-personal, question. I'll never forget the look of outrage on Adelaide Cassidy's face when Abby leaned across the dinner table at the club and said, "I think I'll bleach my hair. Who does yours, Adelaide?"

Then there was the time that Juliet Lauterbach took to her quiet and ominously darkened bedroom with one of her much advertised (and faked, as you long suspected, Chris) migraines.

Unfortunately, however, Abby learned of it. She hurried over with a home remedy which her family had brewed down through the ages. Catnip tea, wasn't it? Up went the blinds in the bedroom, and down Juliet's protesting gullet went the scalding tea.

"Now upsdaisy!" Abby cried, pulling down the crepe coverlet on Juliet's outrage. "Just forget old Mr. Migraine and Mr. Migraine will forget you," she caroled.

Preposterous as the episode was, I have a hunch it marked the beginning of your grudging admiration for Abby Simmons. It was the sort of thing you and The Girls had secretly wanted to do to Juliet Lauterbach for years.

Somewhat to everyone's surprise, David did not wither away under the burden of his insensitive spouse.

He even gained some weight, so that he lost a trifle of that pallid, yearning expression you all found so appealing. And he began to take an active interest in the management of the badly neglected and almost defunct Simmons Mill.

And here, Chris, I think you are in for a surprise. I had no direct influence on his weight, but I was an instrument in putting the dilettante music lover, the amateur sketcher of wind-mills to work.

About six months after the marriage Abby came to my office. She said there wasn't a damn thing wrong with her motor; she just wanted her differential checked and her distributor points cleaned.

So I listened to her heart and thumped her chest and peered down her throat, and told her I thought she was good for at least another ten thousand miles if she'd have her oil changed regularly and a new set of spark plugs occasionally. She liked that kind of talk.

"Doc," she said as she was getting into her clothes. "I have a problem. But you can help me."

"I'll try," I told her.

For once she found something hard to say. She hemmed and hawed and made several false starts. But it finally boiled down to the fact that she felt "Dave" should go to work. She'd never have married him, she confessed, if she hadn't thought he had some "get up and go."

I explained that David had

always lived on income from the family mill, and had never got into the routine of a job.

"After all," I said, "if a man does not have to work, and has no particular compulsion towards a career, why should he force himself?"

Abby said, "That's a damn funny way for a doctor to talk."

"Maybe," I admitted, "but that's the way David is."

"Lazy, huh?"

"David fulfils himself in other ways," I said. "He has a kind of genius for dispensing charm, for empathy."

"What's empathy?" she asked bluntly.

"The ability to put yourself in somebody else's place."

"He'd better put himself in another place all right," Abby said, missing the whole point. "Some place like the office of the Simmons Mill, or he's going to end up bankrupt!"

You can imagine how David would have cringed at his wife's sounding off like that. The word "bankrupt" was a far cry from his charming pose of genteel poverty.

"I want you to talk to him, Doc," Abby said. "You've been his friend and doctor for years. He'll listen to you. When I say anything he just laughs."

"But how? What would I say?"

"That's your business," she said, shrugging into her coat.

might as well let me look you over," I said.

The body is a strange, wonderful, and absurd mechanism that never ceases to fascinate me. David's system was, figuratively, gummed with inaction. His skin tone was bad, his eyes lustreless. Yet there was nothing specifically wrong.

"Think I'll live?" he asked laconically when the examination was over.

"For about twenty-five or thirty years," I said casually, "barring an act of God."

"Thirty plus thirty-one," David mused. "Really? I thought that the average life expectancy was higher in these days of miracle drugs."

"It is," I said calmly. "But you are the aristocracy, the creme de la crop."

He ruminated over that for a moment. Then he grinned and tried for the light approach. "If I've got galloping glanders or creeping diverticulosis you can tell me," he said. "After all, I'm next of kin."

"Have you ever thought of going to work?" I asked.

"Oh, definitely. But the thought made me quite ill, so I stopped thinking of it."

"Don't think about it," I said. "Do it. Give it everything you've got for six months; then come back and see me."

David gave me a suspicious

"Kansas City!" you said. "You're not serious."

She was perfectly serious about it, of course. David was simply out there on business, making a deal with one of the large western mills to distribute under a special label the quality flours and stone-ground meals of the Simmons Mill.

"Oh, poor David," you said. "After he clears the customs we must give him a party to welcome him back to civilisation."

Your humor was wasted on Abby, who was basking in the warmth of being an average wife to the kind of man she understood and approved of, a man who "went away on business," a man who "made deals."

And then a curious thing began to happen. As David grew more aggressive, he became less patient and less amused with Abby's gaucheries. We had both noticed it coming on for several months. It was during this period, wasn't it, that you asked me whether I thought Abby had any notion David did not love her?

"Doesn't he?" I asked evasively.

"Of course he doesn't, and you know it!"

"If you say so," I mumbled.

You said you had grown to like Abby. There was a really good soul behind that slap-happy exterior. But the marriage was simply one of those things that should never have happened. David was sacrificing the very qualities that made him peculiarly David, and besides, Abby wasn't getting a fair go.

You said that if a man did not love his wife it was unfair of him not to tell her so, for the wife was having a fool's paradise, and the husband was a cheat. Somewhere, you said, there was doubtless a man (a bullfighter maybe?) who would consider Abby as a living doll, and she ought to have a chance to find him before it was too late.

You were silent for a long time, and I thought your mind had skittered off on some other track. But directly you asked, very innocently, "John, what about the sex life of a man with a woman he's not in love with?"

"Well, it depends on the male and the female he's not in love with," I said. "Sometimes proximity is almost as powerful as love, unless, of course, an active mutual antagonism exists. Then it's fatal. Does that answer your question?"

"You know it doesn't," you said.

During the year that followed it was fascinating to see the development of David. Like the reformed drunk who becomes a caricature of a Puritan teetotaler, David became an unconscious parody of the Big Businessman.

He began to complain of The Pace, to wish to Heaven he could get away for a couple of weeks and hop down to Florida to get some sun.

And then came the night of Joe and Millie's big party for her cousin—wasn't her name Tamaris, or Tamara, or something like that?

Tamaris—or Tamara—was quite a dish. Petite, pink, sloe-eyed, feminine, absurd, soft as a kitten and as dangerous, she was everything that Abby

To page 36

AUTHORS

invited submit MSS all types (including Poems) for book publication. Reasonable terms.

STOCKWELL LTD.,
Hfracombe, England.
(Est'd. 1898).

Suddenly she was asleep again!



... thanks to this modern remedy!
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Remember those ghastly winters of old? The cold, wet clothes always sagging on the line! The frantic dashes every time it rained! The depressing clothes-horse before the fire! What a nightmare! But did you say it's *still* happening to you? You need Nylon badly... quickly.

Nylon has taken all worries out of washing because it dries overnight indoors and rarely needs ironing. Sox, stockings, underwear, shirts, blouses, dresses, night attire—are all in Nylon these days. Need we say more?



BRITISH NYLON SPINNERS Ltd., Pontypool, Monmouthshire—Suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

Continuing . . . Laughing Stock from page 34

was not, and utterly shameless about it.

I remember you asked me later—and you did not faintly suspect what had happened—if I did not think she was ridiculous? Of course she was, and probably still is, but when she walks into a room she makes a man acutely conscious of the fact that he is a male.

She was the sort that, two or three years previously, David would have baited and left hanging on the ropes. But that night David did nothing of the sort.

After the buffet supper he was grouped with the men, talking about the market and exchanging faintly blue stories. And, like the others, sliding occasional glances at Tamara, or Tamaris.

David Simmons of the patched elbows and the retreaded Lincoln Continental, David Simmons the connoisseur and dilettante watercolorist; David Simmons the charmingly indolent remittance man, was kaput!

Abby was watching him, and beaming. She had picked up a chameleon among women and transformed him into a man among men, and she was proud enough to bust.

I was standing near David when I tuned in on her voice rising above the soprano gabble at the far end of the room. At first all that came through was "... and David says ... and David believes ... and David ..."

This was sufficient to attract David's attention as well as to hush the others in the baritone section. "... and it's Dave's contention," came through loud as stereophonic sound, "that your average woman—and she controls the purse strings—will pinch and save on the necessities, but the sky's the limit on luxury items. That's why he's making a luxury item of the products—"

"Abby!" David's voice was a whip. Abby paused and looked across the room at him, as if expecting praise for her job of selling this remarkably sharp trader, her husband.

"I'll thank you, dear," he said, "not to discuss my business when you know nothing whatsoever about it."

Nobody knew quite what to do or say. Nobody but Abby, that is. She strode straight across the room to David, threw her arms around him laughingly, and said, "Why, Mr. Simmons, you don't know how I admire a man who dares to take a real firm hand with his Missus."

Everyone breathed a sigh, but I noticed he was glancing over Abby's shoulder at Tamaris, or Tamara, who winked a tiny little wink.

Later everybody had too much to drink, especially Abby, who wasn't used to it, and about midnight when I went to look for our coats I opened the wrong door by mistake.

You know the Wiley's house: how that guest closet door is right beside the one that leads into the butler's pantry. Well, I walked into the dark pantry. And at the same instant someone else opened the door from the kitchen, where, I guess, she'd been getting a drink of water or, who knows, maybe crying.

At any rate it was Abby. And between us, locked in that embrace of purest suburban cliché, stood David and Tamaris. Or Tamara. It all happened so fast that it was over before I had time to get my bearings.

They broke apart and stared at me, David startled and guilty, the girl merely startled. I automatically said "Sorry," and retreated, the door swinging shut behind—or before—me. I realised then that it

squeaked. I suppose that was the reason they had looked my way instead of Abby's.

In recalling what Abby did next day, and the result of it, I find myself considering empathy again. We feel awfully superior and terribly sensitive if we experience empathy for someone in distress. But I wonder if it really proves we are superior? Certainly I as a doctor, if not a human being, should be fairly empathetic, but I was unprepared for Abby's next move.

David came to the office without an appointment. He had to see me, he told Miss Radford, and she squeezed him in between Sue Wellington and Gladwin Parker. David held a letter in his hand. He thrust it across the desk at me.

I had never seen Abby's handwriting before and I remember now that it surprised me. The characters were small, neat, precisely formed, almost scholarly. And the letter itself was in a similar vein.

At a moment when a woman might be excused for rampant passion and hysteria, Abby was controlled and, one might say, almost sedate, when one considers the grave burden of her message.

For, she said, she was in love. She had been in love for several



months and had not known how to break the news to Dave, who had been so kind and considerate of her as his wife. Then last night she realised for the first time that he, too, was straining at the bonds of their marriage and undoubtedly yearned for release as much as she did. So why postpone, why procrastinate?

She would be in town at the Barclay until she secured her ticket to Reno in case there was anything urgent to be discussed or any papers to sign.

I read it over twice, then handed it back to David. As I looked at him I got a fleeting, vivid flash of the pre-Abby David Simmons: wistful, helpless, appealing.

"Well," I said idiotically, "that's that."

"Did she ever tell you about this guy?"

"What guy?"

"The one she's in love with."

I told David to sit down. I said there was probably no sense in getting all inflamed over an inevitable break, that he should merely thank his stars that Abby had found somebody else.

"What in hell are you talking about?" David asked.

I told him that anyone with a grain of intelligence must know how he felt about Abby.

I didn't know how he happened to marry her and it was none of my business, but that while she had seemed to amuse him at first as one is amused by the lumbering antics of a friendly sheep dog, we had all witnessed his amusement turn to annoyance and impatience.

"You don't know what

you're talking about!" David said, glowering at me.

"I only know what I see."

"Then you don't see very straight. Get this through your head, I love Abby. I've loved her from the moment I first saw her. Sometimes she drives me crazy, but I—I need her. I don't know what I'd do without her. I don't care if she's in love with six other men. She's my wife and she can't do this to me!"

Here was the passion I had expected from Abby. Here was naked fear and desperation. I got up and put my hand on David's shoulder. "David," I said, "if that's true, why did you behave like a fool last night?"

"You're a doctor," David flung at me as he turned to go. "Read your 'Psychopathia Sexualis.' You'll find the answer there. I'm going to find my wife and bring her back!"

He found her easily enough at the Barclay, but he did not bring her back. Not right away. He took her to Florida on that trip he had been promising himself for so long. They flew from there to Minneapolis, where David had to make a speech to the Millers of America, Inc. How Abby must have enjoyed that!

When they came home we did not see them for quite a time. Remember? We didn't, but I saw Abby alone. Professionally. She wanted to confirm her pregnancy before telling David.

Pregnancy in its early stages becomes some women. Curiously Abby Simmons was one of them. Her skin softened, her gestures became almost feminine, her voice lost some of its stridor. That day as she waited for the verdict she was—well, not pretty, I suppose, but radiant.

Her eyes glistened with tears when I told her that what she suspected was true. After a minute she said, "I'm so happy. And so happy for David."

"He wants a child?" I asked.

She nodded. "A man like David needs an heir," she said. "Everything's all right between you?"

"Couldn't be better," she said, holding up her hand so that I could see the crossed fingers.

"And the other man in your life?"

She snorted. "Are you kidding? Nobody else would look at me, nobody but a crazy, mixed-up character like David. You see, Doc, Dave and me, we stumbled on a little miracle: we're right for each other, and for nobody else in the whole damn world!"

"But David thinks there was another man," I said.

"Sure he does. And you know why? Because he wants to think there was another man. He got me too easy; like I said, I asked him to marry me. But when he thinks he's got to compete for me, then I'm a doll right off the shelf at the shooting gallery."

I shook my head in amusement and delight at the foibles of the crazy, mixed-up human race. "Did you know that when you left him the note?"

Abby shook her head. She began pulling on her gloves, then noticed me watching her. "About that note," she went on. "It was what you doctors call 'a calculated risk.' I guess. If it hadn't worked I was prepared to leave him all right. After all, even a laughing stock like me has some pride."

I walked to the door and opened it for her. "Mrs. Simmons," I said, "you want to know something? You're quite a woman."

"Why, thank you, doctor," she said. And I'm not sure, but I think she blushed.

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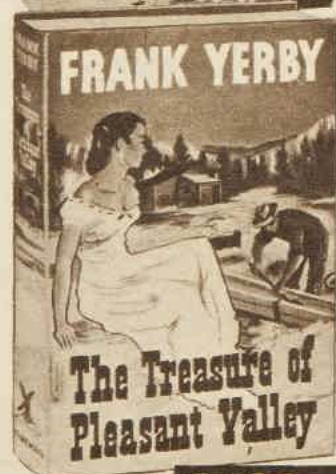
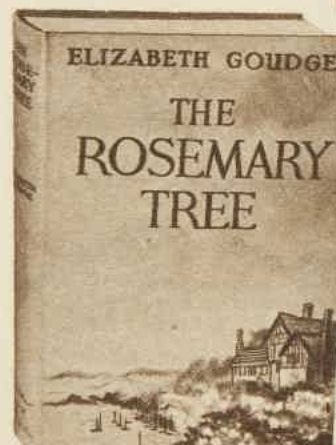
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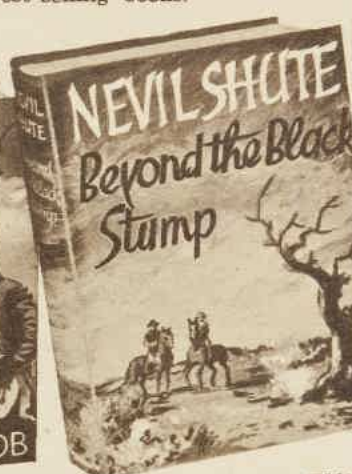
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German star gets role once wanted by Monroe

● Enchanting European actress Maria Schell, Germany's top film star, will go to Hollywood to make the picture that Marilyn Monroe first wanted to make and which was later coveted by Carol Baker.

MARIA will play Grushenka in Dostoevsky's classic "The Brothers Karamazov," with Yul Brynner and Claire Bloom as co-stars.

Maria, who has been described as "a new Bergman," signed for the role during her honeymoon with German actor-director Horst Haechler.

The release in Europe of Maria's latest French-made film, "Gervaise," has made her at present the most popular actress on the Continent. France is raving about her performance.

Famous novel

"The Brothers Karamazov" role, with the huge build-up given it by Marilyn, plus the prestige of the Dostoevsky novel and the presence of Yul, will make Maria a top international star.

The build-up began in pre-Arthur Miller days, when Marilyn first staggered the world by saying that she wanted to become a serious actress, and named the Grushenka role as the one it was her greatest ambition to play.

This worthy sentiment got her a lot of Press space.



After her marriage to high-brow playwright Arthur Miller, some people even began wondering if perhaps Marilyn really had been serious.

However, the idea was eventually dropped (maybe by Mr. Miller), and following Carroll Baker's success in "Baby Doll," the new young star thought the part was hers.

Then, out of the blue, came the bombshell. Carroll was out and Maria Schell, an actress

of exquisite delicacy and sensibility, was in. Quite a difference.

In other ways, too, Maria has shown herself to be different. Her recent marriage in one of Europe's most lovely provincial churches was the result of a three-year courtship.

Brief courtships and informal marriage ceremonies have come to be accepted as the normal thing for film stars.

Wedding

BUT Maria's wedding in the beautiful little baroque church at Steingarden, Germany, was the kind that every girl dreams about, even the film fans crowding outside.

The couple met three years ago when they were working on a film together in Yugoslavia, and made a sentimental journey by going back there for their honeymoon.

Maria made her acting debut touring Switzerland in Shakespeare, after attending an acting school in Zurich.

She had wanted to become an actress at 15, but her father made her do a secretarial course first.

When in 1938 Hitler's troops invaded Austria, Maria and her family escaped from Vienna to neutral Switzerland.

In 1947 Maria returned to Vienna, where she was given a leading part in the film "Angel With a Trumpet." Later, when the English version was made by Sir Alexan-

der Korda, she played her original role.

It took her charming performance as Robert Donat's young first wife in "The Magic Box" to make film producers realise that Maria was not only an excellent actress but had a distinctive and memorable quality all of her own.

"So Little Time" and the screen version of the Graham Greene novel "The Heart of the Matter" followed. In this, Maria played the young girl with whom Trevor Howard fell in love.

When it was shown at the Cannes Film Festival that year, "The Heart of the Matter" received a greater press coverage than any other film, and Maria Schell was acclaimed "a new Bergman."

She should do an excellent job with the role of Grushenka.

This is how the two losers are quoted as handling the questions put to them by an intrigued Press following the announcement that the role was Maria's.

Marilyn: "I have other commitments. In fact I haven't even read the script."

And the disappointed "Baby Doll" Baker: "My studio wouldn't release me."

Carroll's studio, Warners, are said to confirm this.

But with Marilyn it is different, for Metro claims that she once could have had the part and turned it down.

A case of second thoughts being best?



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LADD AND LOREN IN GREECE



LOOKING OUT from the ruins of Athens' magnificent Acropolis, American archaeologist Dr. James Calder (Alan Ladd) listens to Greek peasant girl Phaedra (Loren) tell of finding an ancient statue.

First American picture to be filmed in Greece, "Boy on a Dolphin," stars Italy's beautiful Sophia Loren, rugged Alan Ladd, and the debonair Mr. Clifton Webb.

ITS director, Jean Negulesco, pioneered the use of CinemaScope in Europe with his "Three Coins in the Fountain."

Encouraged by the fact that Negulesco has the same cameraman, Milton Krasner, working with him again, the Greek authorities are hoping that "Boy" when released will have the same effect on tourist travel to their country that the Roman film had in Italy three years ago.

Such famous antiquities as the Parthenon, the Amphitheatre of Epidaurus, the Acropolis at Athens, plus the natural beauties of Greece itself, give this 20th Century-Fox CinemaScope color film an unusually interesting background.

As well as location on the

Greek mainland, the company spent five weeks shooting on the beautiful island of Hydra, a favorite weekend excursion spot for the people of Athens.

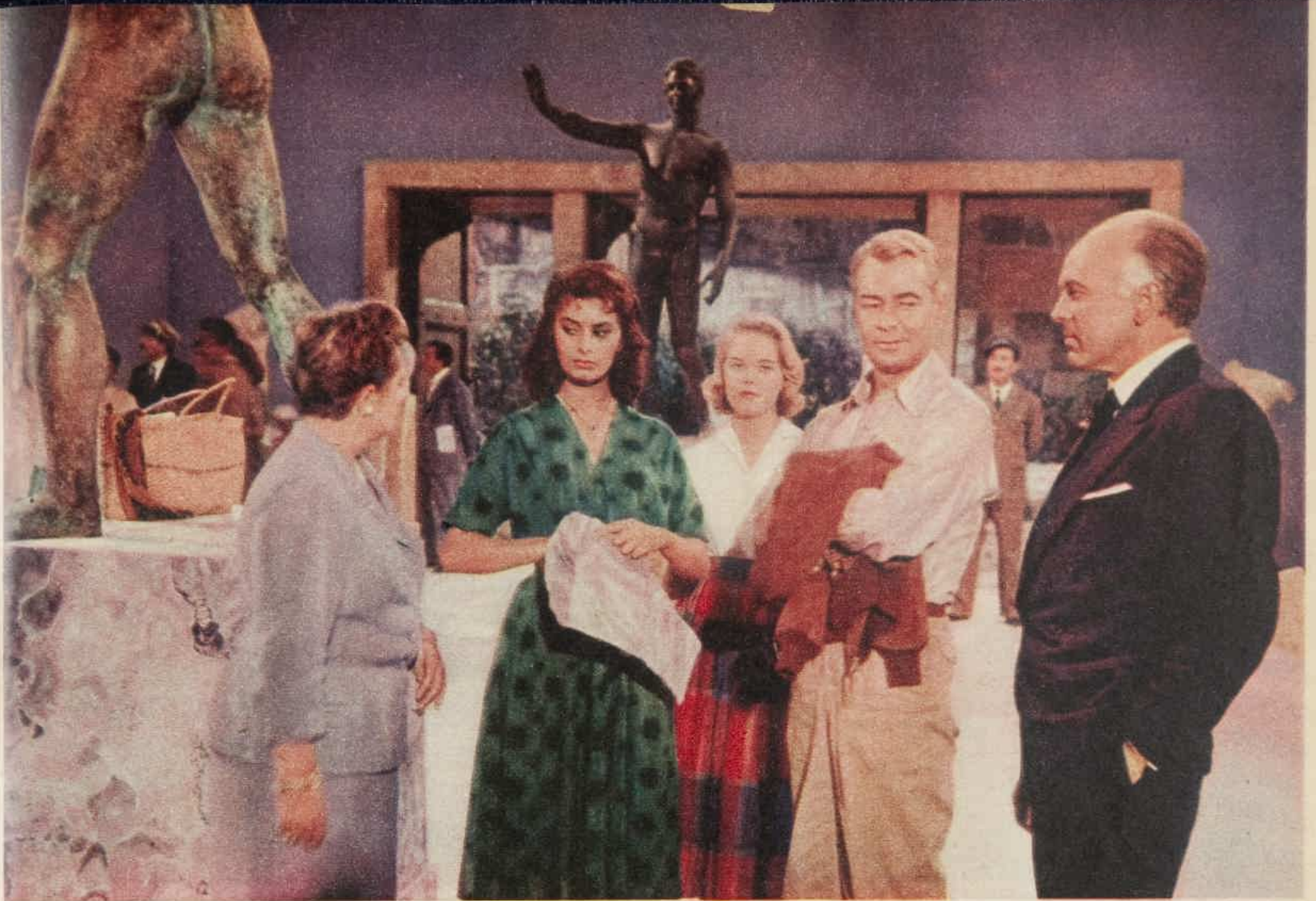
The women extras in the scene shot at the fashionable Asteria nightclub just outside Athens are all members of the American Ballet Company, which was giving a Greek season during the film's shooting.

The story, taken from David Divine's novel, tells of the contest between an American archaeologist (Ladd) and an unscrupulous art collector (Webb) to gain possession of a magnificent gold-and-bronze statue found by a poor Greek girl (Loren) when sponge-diving near the island of Hydra.

Film Fan-Fare



PEASANT GIRL, junoesque Italian actress Sophia Loren, and the "Boy on a Dolphin," the bronze-and-gold treasure that she accidentally discovers while sponge-diving near the island of Hydra with her boy-friend. She has no idea it is valuable, until the boy suggests that she report the find in Athens.



ABOVE: Phaedra is ignored when, in this museum scene, she tries to interrupt the conversation of Dr. Calder and the secretary of his archaeological foundation (Charles Fawcett), his wife, and his daughter (Margaret Stahl). Phaedra hopes for a reward.

BELOW: Clifton Webb, as Victor Parmalee, a snobbish millionaire art collector, tries to secure the "Boy on a Dolphin" for himself, and offers Phaedra money and gifts, hoping that she will tell him where the statue is, and mislead the American archaeologist.





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Psychological drama



1 KEEN young high school baseball star Jim Piersall (Anthony Perkins) is given the good news by his father that the famous Boston Red Sox are sending scouts down to Waterbury to watch him play with the high-school team.



3 SUDDEN responsibility when he is brought to Boston for big league play and assigned at short notice to an unfamiliar team position, plus personal home worries, causes Jim to become quarrelsome with his fellow players.



5 SUFFERING from a nervous breakdown, Jim is taken to hospital and remains there for several months receiving psychiatric treatment from the sympathetic Dr. Brown (Adam Williams). Mary's constant visits help him.

★ Written around the famous Boston Red Sox baseball team, Paramount's new psychological drama, "Fear Strikes Out," is the story of a young player who rockets to the top, cracks under the strain, and eventually is able to fight his way back to success and happiness.

As Jim Piersall, the small-town boy who attracts the attention of the Red Sox scouts, you will see up-and-coming young actor Anthony Perkins. Karl Malden is the father who sticks to him through his break-up, and fresh-faced newcomer Norma Moore is the girl Jim marries.



2 SIGNED by the Red Sox, Jim is sent to Scranton for further training, and there he meets a nurse, Mary Teevan, whom he marries. His training completed, the young couple return home and move in with Jim's parents.



4 TOWARDS the end of the season, Jim starts to lose control of himself. During one game he goes berserk, and has to be restrained by the manager (Bart Burns), while Mary and his father look on in horror.



6 COMPLETE recovery comes through Jim's own determined efforts, the loyalty of his family, and the assistance of his doctor. In due course he is discharged from hospital and returns to play once again with the Red Sox.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1957



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1957

Page 43

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MALAYA:

Colds Kept Away. "LANTIGEN 'B' is certainly doing very useful work for me by keeping my nostrils clear and also keeping the colds away." (G.H., Port Swettenham.)

NEW ZEALAND:

Wonderful Relief for Catarrh. "An advertisement in the paper some time ago recommended Lantigen 'B' for sufferers of Catarrh. I am now taking my third bottle, and I can hardly thank you enough for this wonderful relief that I have been afforded through this medicine. I was also very subject to colds, but since I have taken Lantigen 'B' I have only had one cold." (Mrs. W. F., Mangonui, North Auckland.)

AUSTRALIA:

Champion Cyclist Smashes Bronchitis! "I have been a sufferer of colds and Bronchitis for over 30 years. I used to cough and cough, colds always turned into Bronchitis. We tried everything, but nothing helped. I started on Lantigen 'B' and started to get relief. I continued the treatment and have not had a cold or Bronchitis attack for over nine years." (Mr. G. W. Beck, Sydney, N.S.W.)



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ENGLAND:

Complete Relief from Sinus and Catarrh. "I really must write and tell you the complete relief your LANTIGEN 'B' treatment has given me. I suffered from acute Sinus and Catarrh trouble. After just starting the second bottle I had complete relief. I was in so much pain when I had Sinus trouble, I would have tried anything. I repeat anything, for just a little relief. Thank you very much a million times over!" (H. Cranwell, Saffron Walden, Essex.)

ENGLAND:

Catarrh Sufferer for twenty-five years gets Fast Relief. "I have been troubled for the past twenty-five years with Catarrh and Bronchitis and with four severe attacks of Pneumonia. As a last resort I then decided to try the Lantigen 'B'. I got relief from the FIRST INITIAL DOSE OF SIX DROPS. I have no fear now in going to bed, and have put on weight in NO TIME." (John Robson, Redcar, Yorks.)

SCOTLAND:

Bronchitis. "I suffered for years due to Bronchitis—sitting up in bed at night coughing and spluttering. Then I tried Lantigen 'B' and now I'm glad to say I am free." (J.L., Glasgow, Scotland.)

ENGLAND:

Sleeps Well Now. "I feel I must write to you about your vaccine LANTIGEN 'B'. For 20 years I suffered from Bronchitis, beginning in November and ending in March. I was unable to lie down in bed, had to be propped up in bed with four pillows. Now I have only one pillow and sleep without any trouble at all. I started taking your vaccine three years ago and I have not had any Bronchitis since I have taken the same." (Mrs. A. G. King, Leamington Spa, War.)

AUSTRALIA:

At Last... Free from Bronchitis. "My arms were like pin cushions, caused by injections. I took Lantigen 'B' when on the third bottle I found relief. I had no Bronchitis for over twelve months. The trouble is people take one bottle, perhaps two, think it's not acting. With me it took three bottles before I felt a marked difference. After four bottles I was a different person." (Mrs. K. Prosser Perth.)



ENGLAND:

Housewife Beats Catarrh. "I really must write you about wonderful LANTIGEN 'B'. I suffered for years with Catarrh, now at 50 years of age I have known relief and feel so well. I do a full day's work and run my home. I would go without anything to buy LANTIGEN 'B'." (Mary Cummings, Dartford Kent.)

ENGLAND:

Now Fit—Free of Colds. "I feel I must write you a few lines in greatest praise for LANTIGEN 'B'. I was seriously ill four years ago, with Pneumonia. Whilst convalescent, I asked my Doctor what he thought about LANTIGEN 'B', as whenever I caught a cold, it was always a bad one. I acted on his advice and have taken it ever since, generally two bottles a year and it keeps me fit and well, free from colds, etc. It is now four years, and I have not had a cold or any chest or Bronchial trouble." (Arthur R. Barber Melton Mowbray, Leics.)

(Originals of testimonials on our files)

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Continuing

The Stranger

from page 21

description. Besides, for all that had happened over the other side of town, it was hardly likely the fellow would be over here the next night.

And what if the police just listened patiently to her story, smiled condescendingly, and put the whole thing down to an outsize case of nerves? Everyone knows that solitary females are apt to over-dramatise themselves and fancy that they are the target of any stray male of undesirable character that happens to be around!

She stood on the corner trying to hail a passing taxi, but it swept past and she saw that it was already full. She'd just have to get home again as quickly as possible and lock the door after her, and in the morning she'd be able to laugh at her jitters. A trifle ruefully, perhaps, but right now she didn't feel like laughing in any manner. And she'd make a point of calling on that pleasant-faced young woman in the flat across from theirs. She had a small boy, and seemed a friendly, capable sort of person, not at all the sort to indulge in fits of the horrors as she was now doing.

Ruth clutched her coat tightly about her, and looking around was slightly reassured by the sight of so many people still around. There wasn't really any place along the route home that could be called secluded, except perhaps part of her own street with its one

front, sniffing at bushes, running over the road and back again, his disreputable tail wagging madly, a large grin on his face. Ruth smiled in spite of herself. She would have liked a dog of her own, but the flat owners wouldn't allow animals; all the same, she wouldn't have minded having a particularly large and vicious-looking animal on the end of a leash with her right now.

She patted the shaggy head, but started in fright when he suddenly stiffened, a low grumbling growl coming deep from his throat. With a gigantic leap he made towards a small grey cat that stood, its back arched, in his path. Away it went, tail held stiffly aloft like a small standard, the large hairy dog loping after it, continuing to growl menacingly.

"Well," Ruth consoled herself, "it isn't far now."

But the feeling of dread returned in force and she turned sharply, looking back over her shoulder when she came to the corner where the road turned into the avenue of trees and houses where she lived. She could see nothing but the moon's light over the houses, and most of these houses still showed lights. It was so stupid for her heart to keep beating so frantically, it made her feel rather ill, and her knees were perilously weak.

From one of the houses came a burst of music from someone tuning into a new station, then it became muted again. She ran down the street, and, reaching her building, fumbled with the lock of the main entrance.

As she did so, a terrible wall rent the air, and Ruth froze for a second, then threw herself headlong through the open door. Something small and furry dashed between her legs and raced up the steps, pursued by a slightly larger shape. Ruth gasped and clutched her handbag to her, and the two cats fled down the corridor. Of all times for her landlady's cats to choose for a wild carousel she felt that this was the worst possible time.

Ruth gathered what control she could and ran up after them, shoved the key in her lock and sighed as it turned effortlessly. Thank goodness, she was home at last. Her breath came in short gasps, and she leaned against the wall a moment to recover, her head spinning madly, and just about every shred of self-control gone.

She stayed there a while longer, her chest heaving painfully, then took a grip of herself and pushed the door shut with her foot. She felt a little ridiculous now, viewing her utter panic in retrospect, but she was conscious of an almost overpowering feeling of relief and the little flat seemed a haven of security after the imagined hostility of the night outside.

She went to the window and opened it, forcing herself to look right out, thinking of the hovering form in the shadows of a few hours earlier. "Of course," she chided, "there's nothing. You knew there couldn't be."

The moon disappeared behind some clouds and Ruth stood there a minute savoring the delicious sense of peace and safety that now pervaded her.

Then she sighed again, a sigh compounded of both exhaustion and emotional release, and reached her hand to the light switch on the wall above her head.

Directly behind her, someone cleared his throat.

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lamp, and she felt she could cover the distance in quite a hurry if she had to.

The moon came from behind banked clouds and threw a pale glow into the night, so even that part of the walk wouldn't be as dark as it customarily was.

A few cars passed her, their headlights losing intensity in the half-light. She hurried along the footpath, looking about now and again, relieved to see nothing to arouse her suspicions—which anyway, she thought, were aroused enough already, heaven only knew.

Her heels made staccato rhythm in the silence as she hurried along, and her heartbeats seemed to echo the crazy symphony of the singing in her ears as the blood pounded faster and faster through her body, and she walked quickly on, keeping away from the shadowy hedges and trees that fringed the far edges of some of the footpaths.

Halfway home, a friendly dog trotted up to her and thrust his wet nose into her hand. She was surprised at her gratitude for his company, and whistled softly to encourage him to come a little further with her.

The dog bounded along in

low for real elegance. The old grace, the old dignity—where were they? The old politeness—where was it? That impertinent little red piece roaring by had almost touched her. Had it supposed that she would move aside to give it passage? No, indeed. And this extraordinary-looking little bicycle making such a hideous noise—she really must have a closer look at that...

"I'm all to pieces," said Joss, and wiped the sweat of fear from his brow. "You take over and see what you can do. The blessed steering wheel doesn't seem to have any connection with the car at all."

Sebastian took the wheel and the car continued to go its own way. When a sports car travelling at over a hundred miles an hour bore down on them and the big black car missed it by inches, the Comtesse leaned forward to bang on the glass partition separating her from the drivers.

"What are you doing?" she shouted angrily. "Please pay attention! Can't you drive properly? Why do we stay all the time in the middle of the road? We—There! Be careful, I tell you."

Sebastian, fighting grimly to control the car, made no reply. Joss, beside him, was making some calculations.

"It's about seventy kilometres—roughly forty miles—to Rennes," he said presently. "We've driven, if you call it driving, for exactly an hour, and we've done under thirty."

"Miles?"

"Kilometres."

"What's the time?"

"A devil of a long time past lunchtime. I'm hungry."

"So'm I. What was the place the Comtesse picked out as a lunch stop?"

"Tintinac. We'll make it just about time for dinner."

"Well, I'm not going to starve for anybody," said Sebastian. "We shall stop at the next likely looking village we come to, and we shall all pile out and eat. Did you hear what she said about paying?"

Everybody had heard. The Comtesse had slid open the partition to announce that they would all pause, briefly, to lunch at Tintinac; she would pay for her own lunch and for that of the two drivers, but she would not pay for the drivers' wine. For the other, the small boy, the pest, the devil who had throughout the journey refused to sit, who had danced continually upon her corns, who had chattered without ceasing of his grandfather and his aunt, for him, who had come in the car uninvited, unwanted, she would certainly not pay. Was she not giving him free transport to his home? Nobody would expect her to do more. Nobody, certainly, would expect her to empty her pockets by feasting him on the way.

"She works," said Joss thoughtfully, "on the system of save-the-sous."

This was true. The Comtesse, who had shown no hesitation in buying a taxi, displayed considerable resistance to the disbursement of small sums. The glass partition had saved them most but not all the calculations she had been making regarding the expenses of the journey. When she was not adding up, she was upbraiding the unmoved Maurice. Her moods alternated between good nature and irritation, but in both her devastating frankness did not desert her.

"Tell you what," Sebastian spoke out of a long silence. "We'll—"

The plan was never outlined. The car had given a sigh and a jolt and was now lurching, with none of its former dignity, all over the road.

"What is the matter?" called the Comtesse. "Has the steering mechanism become broken?"

"No," Sebastian, with difficulty, brought the car to a

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 19

stop at the side of the road. "Puncture, I think."

They got out and inspected the wheels. One of the back tyres was flat.

"What is it?" asked the Comtesse, stepping down in the wake of Maurice. "Can it be blown up again?"

"We'll have to change the wheel—if there's a spare," said Sebastian.

There was a spare wheel, but there was not, at first glance, a set of tools; it was Maurice who discovered that the cushion of the back seat concealed a jack and some rusty spanners. Joss and Sebastian removed their coats and set to work; Maurice took off his jersey and gave some useful aid; the Comtesse walked up and down impatiently.

FINALLY she said: "What is this? Can't you change a tyre, two strong men like you? My chauffeur, I can tell you, would have done it in half the time."

"The jack," Sebastian told her, "doesn't work. In fact, it isn't a jack at all; it's something made to look like one. The more you try to jack up the car, the deeper you drive the jack into the tarmac. Those holes you see in the road were made by us."

"Then we must stop somebody who is passing," said the Comtesse, "and ask them for some better tools. Little boy, go into the road and wave your arms."

Maurice, standing in the middle of the road, waved his arms with a will. Cars drove past him, almost over him; drivers performed prodigies of skill in missing him by inches—but nobody stopped.

"This is a shocking thing," said the Comtesse at last, red-faced with anger. "This is a matter for the police, I think, that people do not stop to give aid. Why should all these cars go by and care nothing? I shall risk myself to stop them."

She stepped into the road, took up a firm stance in the middle, and stood stock-still, her arms stretched out stiffly to the sides. Her attitude and her attire gave her an appearance not unlike a scarecrow's, but almost at once, whether from alarm or from curiosity was not clear, two cars stopped simultaneously. From one emerged two stout Frenchmen in black berets; from the other a fair young man of Scandinavian appearance.

The Comtesse, no doubt encouraged by her success, stood unmoving as a Ford, two Citroens, and a Cadillac drew up, their occupants disembarking and announcing their willingness to be of assistance. An unidentifiable yellow car had drawn up; a Daimler was slowing down. Sebastian signalled it on, stepped into the road, and took the Comtesse firmly by the arm.

"That's enough, Comtesse," he said. "We've got enough reinforcements. Sit down on the grass over there and relax. We'll sort out the guests."

He turned to find everybody talking at once. The two Frenchmen in berets, after a brief inspection of the black car, said that it was interesting, but only to antiquarians, and drove away. The two young Frenchmen in the Citroen offered tools, searched their car for them, failed to find them, laughed heartily, apologised, and bowed their farewells. The sole occupant of the yellow car, a powerful-looking Frenchman, told them that he came from the nearby village, and offered to tow the black car to its garage.

The Englishman in the Ford said that he was terribly sorry, chaps, but he was a bit behind schedule and ought to be pushing on. The party of Americans in the Cadillac took two

photographs of the black car and one of the Comtesse at a distance calculated to include her elastic-sided boots, and then said that as there seemed to be plenty of guys on the job, maybe they'd better beat it.

Sebastian, measuring those remaining for strength and skill, retained only the Norwegian youth and the big Frenchman in the yellow car; with these two to render intelligent aid, the attempt to jack up the car was resumed. But when the damaged tyre was off the ground no tools could succeed in removing the wheel. Rust had taken a death-grip which could not be loosened. The men labored, sweated and swore, and finally eased their aching muscles and admitted defeat. The Comtesse heard them and broke in with an impatient question.

"I do not understand; why can the wheel not be changed? My chauffeur by himself alone—"

"Yes, yes, Madame." The big Frenchman undertook to explain. "But see, it is not possible. I will show you."

While he showed her, Sebastian's attention went to Maurice, who, standing at the roadside, was removing his shirt and shorts.

"Hey—you're exposed to the public view," he said. "What do you think you're doing?"

"I'm hot, and there's a

river," Maurice pointed. "I'm going in to get cool."

He walked up a shady little lane, and Joss and Sebastian, mesmerised by the picture of coolness and relaxation, stood for some moments gazing longingly at the stream.

"Looks good," commented Sebastian. "I wouldn't mind cooling down. Look, why can't we have lunch here?"

"Off what?" asked Joss.

"Where there's a village," said Sebastian, leading Joss rapidly towards it, "there are shops. Where there are shops there are provisions. You get the food and I'll get the fruit and the wine."

Laden with packages, they walked back along the hot road and saw the Comtesse beckoning impatiently.

"Where have you been?" she called. "This is not the time for shopping. I am waiting to go on. That car"—she gestured towards the black—"is useless. It will be taken away, and we shall go on in the yellow car. Please change all the luggage."

"There isn't room in the yellow car," pointed out Sebastian, "for the four of us and our luggage and that Frenchman. We—"

"He is not coming," said the Comtesse.

"He owns the car, doesn't he?" asked Sebastian.

"He does not own the car. I own the car. I have bought it," announced the Comtesse. "And now please pay attention and have all the luggage put from one into the other. Where

is the little boy? Call him and tell him that we are going."

"We're not going, Comtesse," Sebastian's voice was inflexible. "We're lunching here."

"Here—on the road?" asked the Comtesse in a high voice.

"There, beside a cool stream in a shady lane," said Sebastian. "If you've bought the car, we'll swap the luggage, but we're not moving until we've eaten."

He gave her no opportunity to argue. While Maurice busied himself with the change-over of the luggage, Sebastian initiated the Frenchman into some of the mysteries of the black car's engine; the transaction had been one of part-exchange, and the new owner showed no dissatisfaction over his share of the bargain. Joss helped to push it to the garage, and when he returned he saw that Sebastian had backed the yellow car into the lane and spread rugs on the ground for the Comtesse's comfort. Maurice was splashing in the stream; the two men spread the food on to a rug, and the Comtesse's expression changed gradually to one of keen anticipation.

THERE were long, crisp loaves and fresh butter; there was cheese, of both mild and strong kinds; there was a ten-inch length of red sausage smelling alluringly of garlic. There was sliced ham and there were peaches, a melon, and two large bottles of wine.

The two men washed their hands, pulled Maurice out of the stream, and sat down to eat, and at once it became clear, especially to Maurice, that if anybody wanted to keep up with the Comtesse he would have to eat fast. He put up a good performance, but he was handicapped by the fact that the Comtesse had a longer reach as well as a larger capacity.

When the meal was over, a feeling of lassitude crept over the adult members of the gathering. Maurice's energy was undiminished; unaware of medical opinion on the subject of bathing immediately after meals, he ran down the bank and plunged into the water. Sebastian lay on his back, one arm shading his eyes. Joss propped himself against a tree, and, fascinated by the Comtesse's uninhibited behaviour, allowed his curiosity to overcome his better feelings and watched her out of the corner of his eye.

She brushed the crumbs from her lap and loosened the belt of her dress. Her hands fumbled at her waist, jerking to loosen her corsets. Something irritated her thigh, and she scratched vigorously through her skirt. Bending forward, she undid the middle button of both boots; after this, she leaned against a tree, folded her hands on her stomach and closed her eyes.

Her hat slipped sideways, her mouth fell open, her snore rose whistlingly. Joss turned to survey her, and his eyes roamed in wonder down her unclean and untidy person and rested at last on the boots stuck stiffly out in front of her.

"They remind me," he said in a low voice to Sebastian, "of those old blood-and-thunders."

"What remind you?" came sleepily from Sebastian.

"Those boots."

"Why?"

"Because they were the kind the heroine always wore. And when she was wearing them she always walked across the railway track. At last she walked half-way across, and then she couldn't go any farther."

"Found she was on the wrong line?"

"No. Her boot was stuck."

"And then the express arrived?"

"No. The hero arrived first. And the heroine screamed.

"Save me! Save me!"—the Comtesse stirred and Joss lowered his voice cautiously—"and then—"

"What's she screaming for?" inquired Sebastian. "Because her boot's stuck?"

"She's just heard a whistle in the distance."

"The hero?"

"The express. And up comes the hero."

"Up where from?"

"Well, along comes the hero and—"

"Pulls the boot out."

"He can't. It was stuck fast."

"So he pulls fast, but not fast enough, and the express runs over them both. To be continued."

"He pulls and pulls," went on Joss doggedly, "but his frenzied attempts to free her footwear are unsuccessful, and so he whips out his knife and—"

"Hacks off her leg."

Joss gave up. Leaving his heroine on the line with the hero sawing madly at her boot, he closed his eyes and felt peace stealing over him. The morning's tumult and confusion flowed out of his mind. Events fell into place; they were no longer stranded travellers swept up to assist an eccentric Comtesse; they were holidaymakers, newly arrived in France, seated on cool green grass, full of good French food and wine. The sun was warm.

He was roused disagreeably by the voice of the Comtesse, and opened his eyes as she woke, rose, and sounded the reveille all in one moment.

"Come, why do we not go?" she called. "We are still here wasting time, and I am in a hurry. A picnic is good; it is a rest, and that is why I suggested to have one, but we cannot stay here all day. Little boy, come out of the river at once. You"—she approached Sebastian and stood looking down at him, and for one tense moment Joss thought that she was going to prod him with her foot—"wake up, wake up, pay attention. Come along. The picnic, why is it not disposed of?"

Sebastian opened his eyes and lay looking up at her with loathing. Unwillingly they prepared to leave. Maurice dressed himself slowly.

They got into the car: Joss backed it slowly on to the main road; Sebastian craned his neck to guide him out of the lane. When they were on the road he addressed Joss in a cautious and puzzled undertone.

"I say, Joss."

"Well?"

"Did you happen to see that car go by just now? Just when we were backing out of the lane, I mean."

"No," said Joss. "Why?"

"Because . . . well, it's a funny thing, but it looked to me to be the one we saw at St. Malo. The one Jessica de Vrais was going to Paris in."

"Why couldn't it have been the same one?"

"Because, in the first place," said Sebastian, "this isn't the way to Paris, and—"

"They could have changed their minds," suggested Joss.

"They could. But wherever they were going," said Sebastian, "I got the idea just now that they weren't going together."

Joss thought this over.

"You mean," he said at last, "she wasn't in the car with him?"

"No, I don't. I mean," said Sebastian, "that he wasn't in the car with her."

Their progress after lunch was slow, but it was steady. In one respect, at least, the yellow car was a great improvement on the black: it answered to the helm. Its cruising speed, however, was only thirty miles an hour, and attempts to get



"JANINE."—Girl's pinafore made in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes royal-blue, red, saxe-blue, American beauty, and mid-green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes, lengths 35in. for 10 years 64/6; 38in. for 11 years 67/3; 41in. for 12 years 69/11; 43in. for 13 years 73/6; and 44in. for 14 years 76/9. Postage and registration 3/6 extra.

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"JENNIFER."—Long-sleeved blouse with velvet ribbon bow trim at the collar neckline. The material is Ingola, the color choice includes cream, pastel pink, blue, and lemon.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 10 and 11 years 49/6; 12, 13, and 14 years 52/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 10 and 11 years 34/6; 12, 13, and 14 years 37/3. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

* Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



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Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

 ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in an official announcement.	★ Those who drive themselves too hard may pay for it in frayed nerves and quick temper. Lighten your timetable so that you may have spare moments to relax.	★ Lucky ones among you may decide to take time off. Going walk-about is fun, although some queer things might happen along the road. You read travel literature.	★ There is likely to be a difference of opinion between you and your beloved over what should be done in an awkward situation. Don't make an issue out of it.	★ Meetings to further a cause or to develop a new project, take you out. Hidden opposition to your views could bring about hasty, unexpected decisions.
 TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a quick decision.	★ Regard any liability as a challenge, whether in goods or unsatisfactory services. Find out the reason where there is a breakdown and set to work to repair the damages.	★ It's useless for one member of the family to make all the sacrifices. Only faithful co-operation on the part of the whole family can bring what will benefit all.	★ Your boy-friend is not made of money. If certain amusements are more than he can afford, remember you don't want him to think of you as a gold-digger.	★ Some of you are staggered at the cost of being in the social pageant, and think the game isn't worth it, especially if you are required to dig into your pocket.
 GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in trusting to your stars.	★ Well aware of your strong points and your limitations, now is the time to play to the gallery, broadcast your talents, advertise your abilities, and win.	★ If unfortunate enough to live with members of the household who clash in temperament, interests, and opinions, avoid taking sides. Don't become flustered.	★ If you really love each other you should be prepared to postpone your hopes of an early marriage in favor of his desire to further his career.	★ Determine your future course, then set sail. Once your mind is made up you can be irresistible, so aim high, surmount all opposition, and accomplish your task.
 CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a secret enterprise.	★ Take steps towards economic security which carries with it independence. An offer might be made to you which could either increase your income or reduce expenses.	★ For some people home is a refuge. For others it is a place to escape from as quickly and as frequently as possible. Which kind is yours?	★ Has that promising romance faded into the background because of distance, another's jealousy, or parental interference? Look for a new love.	★ Gently put forward the germ of an idea, then, when others take it up, allow them to suppose that they are the real sponsors and you'll win out.
 LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in a romantic new friendship.	★ While fellow workers are a factor in your workaday world, it is not always wise to turn them into boon companions. Jealousies arise. Be friendly all round.	★ Think up new activities to keep the family at home. Otherwise they may all go off to their separate diversions and leave you stranded. Suggest something dramatic.	★ From sixteen to sixty your sign is romantic. If you've already found your ideal, there are wonderful days ahead. If fancy-free, you run into a dashing boy-friend.	★ You are anxious to sparkle in that little world which constitutes your "public." Don't be temperamental or cocksure, but show poise and talent. Display your gifts.
 VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in making contacts.	★ Should you have recently taken a step up in your career, do not high-tail former workmates. If you patronize them they might pay you back in many annoying ways.	★ Cooking is one department where Virgo really shines. You need not be a slave to it. Prepare early. Leave "party" touches until last, then become the hostess.	★ Those on their honeymoon are favored by the stars. If you are a teenager or slightly older you may have a grand time studying together.	★ Should an appeal be made to you by a V.I.P., fall in with it gracefully. It might involve some extra running around, but the favorable impression counts.
 LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck across distance.	★ Should unfamiliar work be assigned to you, do not hesitate to ask questions. By attempting to conceal inexperience you will only have worries.	★ If you think you know all the answers in home management, you will never know any more than you do now. Talks and demonstrations can be thrilling.	★ A spot of luck awaits you and the boy-friend. You might win a lucky number, draw a prize, or find a lost article or a sum of money. In any case you're fortunate.	★ Think ahead and be prepared for sudden contingencies nobody else anticipated. If you are to fill the breach you will gain applause and enhance your name.
 SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in attention to business.	★ You ought to recognise a profit when you meet one, so don't let false pride or a silly desire to save face prevent you from accepting a business offer.	★ How you can concentrate on one single scheme, letting everything else slide? It could be a rush job such as making a frock for a special occasion.	★ There could be surprising developments, probably connected with occupation, either for you or the best beloved. Otherwise you engage in a club enterprise.	★ Should someone you believed to be a friend play you a dirty trick, don't cherish resentment or try to get even. You will only hurt yourself and be more unhappy.
 SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, violet. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in group activities.	★ A source previously unexplored could come good this week. You may have been overlooking a good bet, for future possibilities are attractive.	★ If you are planning a birthday party or any family celebration, look among shops and in magazines for ideas in food, decoration, and stunts to entertain the guests.	★ True love is more than just flappings of a daze in rose-colored clouds of glory. A little practical consideration will make a big hit with the one-and-only.	★ You may arrange a party for a guest of honor, be on the committee for a dance, or help to organize a group reunion. Preparations should be fun.
 CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in pushing your interests.	★ Some of you are headed for bigger things soon. A couple of obstacles to be leapt should not deter you from sticking to what looks like the right track.	★ Admittedly home is a workshop with heavy demands on the house-maker, but if the family wants you to drop everything and step out, let the washing-up wait.	★ You may see little of each other through pressure of social and other obligations, but after a quiet period you again enjoy a glamorous date. It will be romantic.	★ Your chance to shine may be more useful than decorative. This might mean washing-up or being helpful while others enjoy themselves, but your turn will come.
 AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in taking a risk.	★ In most cases young people play a part in your affairs just now. You are starting a pleasant and successful chapter. Otherwise an unexpected honor will gain.	★ Young marrieds may park children with grandma so that they can enjoy themselves away from home. Children have a brainwave which is well worth following.	★ If you're in amateur dramatics, love-making on the stage may lead to romance in real life, but, in any event, expect coarseness, dances, and sporting fixtures.	★ Play your part in the moonlight-and-roses theme. Whether the occasion is a big ball or just an informal evening make every minute count.
 PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in solving a difficulty.	★ Turn your back on an unpleasant episode, a hope that flamed out or a friend who did not come up to expectations. It was not your fault, so forget it.	★ Impatience with the domestic state may result in bouts of furniture-shifting, curtain-making, or finishing a project begun months or even years ago.	★ A quiet evening at home has its points. You might invite the best beloved to listen to your records or sample mother's (and perhaps your own) cooking.	★ If you are a hostess determine to enjoy your own party. Prepare things in advance. Think up some good ice-breakers for your guests in order to set them at ease.

anything more out of the engine resulted in prolonged and ear-splitting protests.

The Comtesse refused to agree to Sebastian's suggestion of stopping in order to make some adjustments and improvements. It was going, wasn't it? she asked; then let it go. Her chauffeur could have been trusted to know what to do, but she was not prepared to take the word of strangers as to their mechanical ability. She had hoped to be at home long before this, and people had gone out of their way to place obstacles in her path; let her now be allowed only to press on as swiftly as possible.

Her remarks, now that there was no partition to screen the drivers, penetrated to their ears with disagreeable clarity—but soon they turned off the main road and began twisting through narrow lanes, and her voice became a rumbling undercurrent to their leisurely progress. Only half-listening, Joss and Sebastian settled down to a drowsy appreciation of the scenes through which they were passing. The countryside became greener, more wooded; the afternoon grew warmer. The Comtesse, recognising familiar landmarks, thought of her home and grew reminiscent.

"I am not expected," she said, "but what does that matter? It is good to come and go without warning; if people know that you are coming they prepare; they hide away whatever they wish to, and show you only what they will. It is better to come suddenly; you find out what is being wasted, what is being thrown away. Last time I came at night, and how many lamps were burning? Five. How many lamps are needed for one person? One, isn't it so? If you are in one room, you do not need to keep the lamp in another."

"Lamp?" repeated Joss curiously.

"Lamp; yes. Do you think that I would agree to having electricity? Do you know what

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 45

that would cost for a chateau? It would cost a fortune—and for what? Why should I have electricity? I am not there so much; shall I have electricity to be wasted all the time I am away? No, I am not so stupid. That is the thing about me that everybody learns: that I am not stupid. When people think that I am, they find out that they are mistaken. That is why I have come back from England so quickly and why I came at so much expense and with so much hurry—to show somebody that I am not to be treated like a fool, like an idiot. Oh, but I shall show him!"

SEBASTIAN half-turned to look at her curiously.

"Someone done you down?" he asked.

"Done . . . Yes, that is what they had done. It is not good English, but it is the truth. I have been cheated, I have been robbed."

"Did somebody break into the chateau?" asked Joss.

"To steal. No, nobody did that. If they did, I would have called that honest cheating. A thief who comes to your house says to you: 'I will try to take your things; if I am caught, all right, I will go to prison.' But a thief who thinks he takes no risk, now that is dirty cheating."

"When somebody of your own family takes from you and says: 'I am quite safe; she will not ask the police to come because I am her kinsman'—that, too, is dirty cheating. But I am not, as I told you, a fool. Let me only get to the chateau and I shall find out what has been going on when my back was turned. Can this car not go faster? We have been on the road for—"

"Look!" yelled Maurice. The shout made Joss jump from his seat. For most of the

journey Maurice had been leaning against his shoulder and breathing down his neck, but he was totally unprepared for the yell.

"Do that once again," he said threateningly, "and you'll walk the rest of the way."

"Look!" repeated Maurice, unheeding, "Cloisy!" They looked at the village coming into view, and as they came nearer they saw that Cloisy was indeed Lysaine, and Lysaine Cloisy. The two villages were separated only by an old stone bridge which, spanning the narrow river, began in Cloisy and ended in Lysaine. Lysaine, which they could see beyond the bridge, looked little more than a hamlet, but as they drove towards Cloisy Joss saw to his joy that it was everything he expected of a French village.

There was an epicure with rows of tight black or red sautages hanging above the counter; there was a boulangerie with loaves several feet in length; a clinical-looking charcuterie, and a small but picturesque roadside cafe with tin tables set out on the pavement under a striped awning. There was a primitive water-pump, there were little boys in dark pinafores. The whole was something Joss had hoped for but not expected to see: a tiny typical, unspoiled corner of France.

Across the bridge at Lysaine things looked very different. There were two or three dispirited-looking shops, some shabby houses, and that was all. But the background was one of great beauty. Fields bordered the road, but beyond the fields were thickly wooded slopes which almost encircled the two villages.

They were not to cross the bridge. Before it was reached,

Maurice pointed to a narrow lane that branched to the left just near the village of Cloisy.

"Down there," he said. "This is Cloisy; that, over the bridge, is Lysaine," the Comtesse told them.

"Why don't they signpost it?" asked Sebastian. "The signpost we passed only mentioned Salvan."

"Salvan is more important. But those who live at Cloisy or Lysaine," said the Comtesse, "know where these places are; they do not need signposts to tell them. And nobody else wishes to know; why should they? What is there to bring strangers here? These are small villages, no more; the people who live in them do not wish to attract howling mobs. And at Lysaine the land is nearly all mine and I do not

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

wish to have signposts leading people to it."

Sebastian was turning into the narrow lane. Maurice had lowered one of the windows and was hanging half-in, half-out of the car. The weariness of travel was suddenly dissipated; excitement mounted. Maurice was in familiar surroundings and was thumping Sebastian excitedly on the back.

"There it is! Our house!" he shouted.

He pronounced it "houth"; after much patient pulling, he had succeeded in extracting a third tooth; he fished in his mouth, rescued the tooth, dried it tenderly, and wrapped it in his bloody handkerchief.

"You can't go inside the gate," he told Sebastian, stuffing the handkerchief into his pocket. "You have to stop outside."

Sebastian slowed down; to the right was a small wooden gate; he brought the car to a stop beside it.

"This is very nice," he said slowly.

The gate opened on to a large garden. Down the centre of this ran a flagged path leading to the front door of the house. It was not a garden to delight horticulturists, for there were no flower beds—but its grass was green and close-cropped and shaded by magnificent trees, and it looked a place in which small boys could amuse themselves without doing damage; if the garden proved too confining, there were fields adjoining it on one side and orchards on the other. In one corner was a small lily-pond, in another a small summer-house. Beneath one of the trees was a long wooden table and benches, giving a pleasant suggestion of meals eaten out of doors.

The house was painted a pale shade of pink; its name, "Marielle," was on the wall in small black letters. It was a long, low, rambling house, and it was the only one in view on this side of the lane; on the other side, three or four chimneys could be seen showing through the trees.

"This is where your grandfather lives?" the Comtesse asked Maurice in surprise.

"Yes. And Tante Francine."

"Then you are the grandson of Monsieur d'Arnaud?"

"Yes." Maurice grappled with the car door, pushed it impatiently, and shot out into the lane. He picked himself up, grinning, opened the gate, and ran along the path and up to the front door. He banged impatiently on its panels, chanting as he did so:

"Grandpere! Tante Francine! Celine! Tante Francine!"

There was no response. Joss and Sebastian, standing at the gate, saw that the house was shuttered and its doors closed; nobody came to answer Mau-

rice's summons. It became clear at last, even to him, that nobody was at home. He turned.

"Where are they?" he demanded indignantly. "Nobody comes."

He spoke in French; his precipitate descent from the car seemed to have shaken out of him all traces of his Jersey strain; even his gestures had become French.

"They've probably gone to meet you," said Sebastian. "It's what we more or less expected."

"What is going on?" inquired the Comtesse from the car.

"They're not here," said Joss.

"So much is clear." She got out of the car and came to the gate. "When will they come? How shall we find them? Am I to be delayed because they wish to be out when they should be in?"

"They're probably stuck somewhere between here and St. Malo," said Joss.

Sebastian walked up the path.

"If your grandfather couldn't get to St. Malo, he would have let somebody here know, wouldn't he?" he asked Maurice. "Wouldn't he have telephoned to somebody to leave a message for you in case you rang up? There's no telephone in the house—where would he—?"

"He would telephone for Celine," said Maurice.

"Telephone to Celine, you mean?"

"No, not to; for. He would telephone to Madame Seyboule, to tell Celine."

"Who is this Celine?" asked the Comtesse.

"She is the servant who comes every day to work, to clean the house," said Maurice. "Her house is close to Madame Seyboule's."

"And which is Madame Seyboule's?" asked Sebastian.

"There," Maurice pointed

To page 48



Everything just sew sew?

*Scissors, needle, thread and thimble,
what will we sew with fingers nimble?*

Go on, make something beautiful. How many washings is that? We

Something from 'Viyella.' don't know. But it means years

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you can never wear it out. it gets with never an inch

And how 'Viyella' colours of shrinkage.

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flowers in sunshine, even warm, naturally light—cool when
after repeated washing? it's hot, warm when it's not!*

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Continuing . . . Bridal Array

[from page 47]

to a red roof to be seen through the trees on the other side of the lane. "Shall I go and see her?"

"No, no, no," said the Comtesse. "Go and find the servant, this Celine, and let us have the house opened and you and your luggage disposed. Go on, go on."

Maurice sped through the gate, across the lane, and vanished in the woods beyond. The two men walked slowly round the house, looking at it from every side.

"Nice place," commented Joss.

A wide, flagged terrace ran along the front of the house level with the grass; three or four doors opened on to it. There was no garden at the back; there was only a wide courtyard, and, in the distance, the woods.

They walked to the gate and found the Comtesse growing irritable.

"Why should we wait?" she asked. "We have come here, we have brought the boy to his relations, and it is not our fault if they are not here to receive him. If they went to meet him, they should have left somebody behind to receive him in case he came. If there is a servant, she will take care of him. I wish to—"

She stopped. A yell had come from Maurice; he was running back, and behind him came a stout, middle-aged peasant woman. Maurice, arriving breathless, jerked his head in her direction.

"She comes—Celine," he said. "Tante Francine telephoned this morning. She was at the station, and she said that there were no trains, and so she and Grandpere were driving back as fast as possible."

"Driving?" repeated the Comtesse. "Driving?"

"If they were driving," asked Sebastian, "why couldn't they have driven to St. Malo?"

"They are not in a car. There is no car," explained Maurice. "Grandpere would like to have one, but Tante Francine says no, because there is not enough money. She—"

"Yes, yes, yes; we have heard all about this Tante Francine," said the Comtesse. "If they are not in a car, what are they in?"

"The waggon," said Maurice. "They go in the waggon to the junction at Salvan, and leave it there in the stable and take the train."

"But . . . but look here," said Joss. "If they telephoned this morning, they must have been on the point of coming back here. It's now after five; they couldn't possibly have taken all that time."

"Here is the woman; she will explain," said the Comtesse.

Celine had arrived at the gate, but excitement and haste and the pleasure of seeing Maurice had combined to rob her of the power of speech. She stood before them, panting, apologetic, drawing in deep breaths, and pointing to her heart to indicate that this was not the sort of thing that did it any good.

"Now really!" protested the Comtesse. "How long must we wait? If she cannot speak, can she not open the house?"

"She has no keys," said Maurice. "Tante Francine took them away because she did not know that there would be any delay. Celine told me."

"Oh, this Tante Francine, Tante Francine," moaned the Comtesse. "All the day, in my ears, Tante Francine. It is too much."

"Madame—" Celine had recovered her breath.

"Good," said the Comtesse.

"Now we shall hear."

BEFORE Celine could utter one word, there was a cry from the lane. They turned to see a small, thin, grey-haired, wiry-looking woman running towards them. She arrived as breathless as Celine had done, but, unlike Celine, she did not wait until her normal breathing was restored before saying what she had come to say. Coming to a halt before them, she drew in a long, deep breath that came through her pinched and indrawn nostrils with so shrill a whistle that the Comtesse moved back a pace and stumbled against the gate.

The whistle was the signal for the flood waters to open. Immediately after it, Madame Seyboule announced herself and launched into a stream, a torrent, a cascade of words. She had much to say, and she said it with no pause save for the whistling breaths she drew when she ran out of air. They were here, she asked them, in the expectation of giving the little Maurice to his relations? Only this morning Tante Francine had telephoned; there were no trains and they had set out at once to return to Salvan. But (whistle) there had been an accident, a small accident, nothing to make anxiety, but still an accident.

Maurice could witness how she had always warned that the waggon was not safe (whistle) in these days when automobiles went this way and that way without regard to

safety, and now this was proved, for, upon leaving Salvan, a car had passed (whistle) and, at the moment of passing, had made a devil's noise upon the horn, upon which the horse had without hesitation entered a side road and the waggon, as one can imagine (whistle), could not turn as easily as the horse and it had sunk with two wheels into a ditch and although Our Lady had watched over Monsieur d'Arnaud, preserving him from harm, he had (whistle) received a shock.

But in the car following there had been a doctor, which is proof of the goodness of God, and the doctor took Monsieur at once into his own house, which was near (whistle), and said that he would not allow him to continue his journey until he had rested for one night with him. Tante Francine wished, naturally, to stay with him, and so she had asked if she, Madame Seyboule (whistle), would explain this to anybody who should telephone from St. Malo to find out why Maurice had nobody to meet him.

She, Madame Seyboule, had promised to do this, and also to keep the boy safe (whistle) with her for the night when he arrived, but since that moment what had unfortunately occurred?

The water in her house had ceased to flow, making who knows what inconvenience and what danger to health and (whistle) thus for her it was impossible to admit anybody, and it was with joy, with relief that she had observed that the Comtesse, who lived so near and in so large a chateau, had undertaken to bring the boy to his home, and who would now find no trouble in driving on to the chateau with him and (whistle) keeping him for this night only, and in the morning he would be claimed by his own, who would bless the name of the Comtesse, and she, Madame Seyboule, could rest with an easy mind and take her leave with lightened heart (whistle) and say au revoir, Madame la Comtesse; au revoir, Messieurs, Maurice, au revoir.

The last farewells came from the gate, the lane, and the woods; the last whistle seemed to the outraged Comtesse one of triumph. She was, however, too exhausted to speak. Throughout Madame Seyboule's monologue she had protested, shouted, stamped her feet—to no avail; the speech had gone on to the end.

"But . . . how is this?" she

To page 50

Pretty embroidery transfer



LOVELY FLORAL MOTIFS are featured in embroidery transfer No. 129. Worked in dainty stitches that are easy to do, they would look attractive on any of your household linen, blouses, skirts, and scarves. The transfer sheet costs 2/6. You can order it from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

JUNE is the time to . . .

. . . Plant out flowering fruit trees for their early spring glory . . . lime the iris beds . . . prune summer-flowering shrubs . . . prepare ground for potatoes and asparagus.



MALUS PARKMANNII has rich, carmine buds and semi-double, rosy-pink flowers.



MALUS LEMOINE has dark red buds. The blooms are intense red and of good appearance, with green foliage.

JUNE is a busy month for gardeners. It involves plenty of hard work in getting the ground ready for vegetables, seedlings, and giving attention to plants for the winter.

This month gardeners should:

- Plant out flowering fruit trees such as peaches, cherries, plums, crabapples, almonds, and quinces.

Pyrus malus, or crabapples (four examples are pictured on this page), include many fine varieties.

Flowering peaches (*Amygdalus*) are among the most decorative of the flowering trees, if properly pruned each year. There are varieties of double pink, red, white, or striped blooms.

Prunus blireiana has light purple foliage and masses of double-pink blossom early in the season. When properly established it is a gem in the garden.

Prunus mume, or Japanese apricot, also blooms early, and has richly fragrant, double-pink blooms in profusion.

The flowering cherries do best in cool districts and make a magnificent display in spring, when they flower, and in the autumn with colored foliage.

It would be wise to ask a local nurseryman if your garden has the right aspect for crabapples, flowering trees, or *Prunus*. Disappointment is almost certain if they are planted in a too-warm position.

- Lime the iris beds and any patches in which grow delphiniums, larkspurs, and lupins. Also lime vacant flower beds, unless it is intended later to plant such lime-haters as *Ericas*, *azaleas*, *liliums*, or *rhododendrons*.

Stir the soil lightly between clumps or rows of spring-flowering bulbs. Be careful not to cut or break off the tender tops above the soil.

- Start pruning summer-flowering shrubs



MALUS FLORIBUNDA shows carmine buds in spring, and has white flowers, pink on the reverse side of the petals.

such as *buddleias*, *abutilons*, *ceratostigmas*, *crepe myrtles*, and *habrothamnus*.

Crepe myrtles should not be pruned until they have lost their leaves. All spindly wood should then be removed and the shrub pruned back hard.

Poor flowering *crepe myrtles* are invariably those that have not been pruned back regularly each year. They flower only from the new wood produced in early summer. Thin, woody growths should be removed during winter.

Leave *hibiscus* shrubs alone until late August. They dislike being pruned during cold months. Strike cuttings at pruning time.

In cold districts *lilacs* can be top-dressed with old manure, but do not prune them. Other plants that dislike interference at this time of the year include *spiraeas* and all berry-bearing bushes such as *hawthorns*.

GARDENING

- Pay some attention to the home orchard, pruning early peaches and nectarines, apricots, and plums that may flower as winter dies.

New fruit trees should be planted out and, if they showed leaf curl last year, sprayed with Bordeaux or lime sulphur.

Give a good top-dressing of compost or old manure to citrus fruits, but leave it on the surface. If dug in, the surface feeding roots may be severed.

Plant more strawberries and any of the berry fruits such as *loganberries*, new and young berries or boysen berries.

Give them space on both sides and plant them in rows. Keep them away from fences where they can become troublesome to your neighbors and yourself.

Grape vines can be planted now. The best varieties for coastal areas are Improved Isabella (black or white), Gordon Blanco, Black Hambro, and, in good soil, Muscats.

- Get the ground ready for July plantings of potatoes and asparagus. Save plenty of manure for both crops.

Dig the ground well for potatoes and add the manure in rows instead of broadcasting it.

Build up the topsoil where late crops of broadbeans are to be sown or if it is intended to grow more peas.

Onion seedlings can still be set out, but give each plant plenty of room to expand its bulb. If the ground is acid, lime it well, because onion seedlings prefer neutral to alkaline conditions.



MALUS ELEYI produces wine-colored flowers in spring with masses of handsome coppery foliage.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - JUNE 5, 1957

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"foaming action" cleans twice as easy, twice as fast!

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Greasy pans come shining clean with half the rubbing! Miracle "foaming action" dissolves grease fast, floats it away down the drain. And AJAX leaves no scum!

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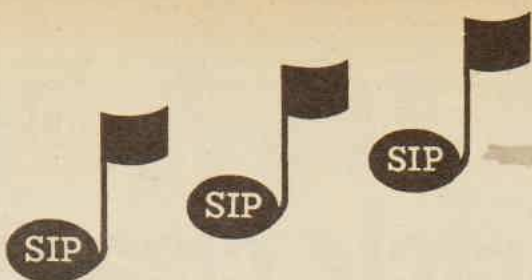
No other cleanser can make your sinks and tubs so brilliantly white and bright—tea stains, fruit stains, coffee stains, rust—"foaming action" AJAX floats them down the drain!

- ★ AJAX sells more in America than all other brands combined.
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croaked hoarsely at last. "I am to be saddled with the boy?"

Sebastian looked round for Maurice, but he had vanished. "I suppose so," he said.

"But these people—I do not know them. I do not receive them. I did not know, when I brought the boy, that he would be the grandson of this d'Arnaud. I do not like the family at all. Why should I allow that whistling creature to push the child without invitation into my home? Why should I take him?"

"He can sleep under my bed," offered Sebastian. "I don't really see that anything can be done about it. You can make your protests to Tante Francine in the morning. After all, it's only for one night. Shall we go?"

"Yes," said the Comtesse gloomily. "Where is the boy?"

A startled exclamation from Celine told them where he was. He was on the roof, hanging precariously over the edge.

"Hey—come down!" called Sebastian.

"By this way," shouted Maurice, "I can get into my bedroom. I know how to get in. I have got in before."

"Let him," said Joss.

They watched him in silence. Maurice swung himself down, secured a foothold, bent to reach the window of the room just below him, and the next moment had pushed it open and was scrambling inside.

"Wish I had a shilling for every time I'd done that," said Joss. "I wonder if Tante Francine ever caught him at it?"

Maurice came down and opened the front door, and then ran back through the hall and out of sight.

Celine followed him, and, after some hesitation, Joss and Sebastian went in and found her in the kitchen, buttering a crust of bread for Maurice.

"You'd better bring that with you," advised Joss. "You've kept the Comtesse waiting long enough."

"I would ask her to come inside" — Maurice spoke in muffled tones through a large mouthful of bread — "but she will not come. Celine told me just now. She's a Catholic and we're not, and so she doesn't like us. We're Protestants."

But Protestants or not, curiosity, or a stranger attraction, had drawn the Comtesse into the house. When Joss and Sebastian had brushed the crumbs off Maurice and led him into the hall, they saw to their surprise that she was coming out of the drawing-room. Something in her manner made the

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 48

two men look at her suspiciously.

"Where is . . . there he is, the little boy," she said, her tone so sugary that Maurice stared at her in surprise.

"I'm ready to go," he told her.

"Ready? Yes, yes, of course." The Comtesse was doing her best to inject a tender note into her voice. "We are all ready; soon we shall go to the chateau, which you will like very much; very much indeed. All boys," she informed him with a wide and ingratiating smile, "like my chateau very much. Very much indeed. I make them happy there. I give them sweets, and I let them play just how they like, and I allow them to go into the gardens and climb the trees."

MAURICE, his head on one side, was regarding her with a mixture of interest and suspicion.

"And then?" he inquired.

"Then . . . oh, you shall enjoy yourself, I promise you. You shall see when you are there. And now tell me something, little Maurice — it is Maurice, is it not?"

"Maurice Pierre—"

"Yes, yes, yes. Well, Maurice, come in here." The Comtesse turned and walked into the drawing-room and the others followed her. "You see this little table? Your grandfather does not want it in here, surely? It is very ugly. I am sure that he would like to sell it."

"But Tante Francine—"

"Ah, I know what you would say! There are many things that your grandfather wants, and Tante Francine cannot give them to him, is it not so? So this is what I am going to do: I am going to take away the ugly little table that nobody likes and I am going to leave some money for Tante Francine. She will be very pleased, you will see. She will have money to buy your grandfather the things that he wants."

"An automobile?"

"Ah, you joke! You are having a little joke! But I will get the money."

The Comtesse opened her bulging black bag and thrust her hand inside. Groping, she produced a roll of franc notes, put them on the table, and groped for more.

"See," she told Maurice,

snapping the bag shut and holding up the money. "I will put this into this vase here, and tomorrow you shall hear how pleased your aunt will be. And I will take away this ugly little table."

"No, you won't," said Sebastian quietly.

She swung round on him beligerently.

"Why should you interfere with my affair?" she demanded.

"I'm not interfering in your business. I'm not even interested," said Sebastian. "But you can't—"

"You wish to say that I must come here tomorrow with a more formal proposal to buy the table? Tomorrow I shall be in Paris. Do you not understand that these people will be happy to sell the table? I have not paid less than its value, and you will believe me when I tell you that there is not a woman in France, in Europe, who knows better than I the value of furniture. Am I running away with the table? No. I have left a good price."

"In the morning these people will come to take the boy; if then they have any objection to make, let them return the money and take back the table."

It is informal, but I am in a hurry. But without the table I do not go. I do not leave the house. You are a stranger here, but I have lived here for many years; shall I not know better than you what they would like?"

Sebastian had nothing to say to this. He raised his eyes and met Joss' glance. Argument, Joss seemed to be saying, is useless; let's get out of here and explain the matter to these people in the morning.

He stood aside. The Comtesse picked up the table and handed it to Joss.

"Come, let us go. It is only four kilometres to the chateau. Bring the boy; what is one more thrust upon me? Bring Napoleon's army; home."

They went out to the car and Sebastian handed the Comtesse into it; Joss backed the car out of the lane. Celine stood waving, and, as they turned into the road, a handkerchief fluttered from one of the windows of Madame Seyboul's house.

They were going in the direction of the bridge, but for a brief instant Sebastian looked back at the road which led to Salvan. Then he was staring

To page 53

BIG PRIZES IN FICTION CONTEST

● Readers are invited to submit short stories in our Fiction Contest, organised in conjunction with the short-story section of the International Correspondence Schools.

Prizes are as follows:

- £50 each for the six best stories.
- £100 for best story by author who has never had any writing published.
- £100 for the story voted best by our readers.
- Three prizes of £50, £25, and £10 each to readers for the best comments on their choice.

Stories should be between 3000 and 5000 words, must be original, and not previously published. Entries should bear the author's name and address (including State) on each page, and should be addressed Short Story Contest, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney. They must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for return of manuscripts.

Entries for the unpublished author's award should be marked "Unpublished."

Prize-winning stories will become the property of The Australian Women's Weekly, which reserves the right to buy six additional stories at £25 each, and others at usual rates of payment.

The judges will be the Editor, Fiction Editor, and Fiction Department staff of The Australian Women's Weekly.

No correspondence will be entered into concerning the awards. Closing date for entries is August 5, 1957.

Employees of the International Correspondence Schools and of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its associated companies and employees' families are not eligible to enter.

BRILLIANT QUICK-KNIT

Fashioned from thick yarn which knits up quickly, this smart button-up jacket will prove a real favorite for casual wear in chilly weather.

HERE are the directions:

Materials: 18 balls main color, 2 balls contrast, Patons "Double Quick" knitting wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 9 knitting needles; 9 buttons.

Measurements: To fit a 34-in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21½ in.

Tension: 8 sts to lin. measured over patt. on No. 9 needles.

Abbreviations: "Twist 2"—k 2nd st. on left-hand needle, then k first st. and slip both off needle together.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles and main color cast on 134 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: * K 2, p 2, rep. from * to last 2 sts., k 2.

3rd Row (right side): * P 2, "twist 2," rep. from * to last 2 sts., p 2. Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until work measures 8½ in., finishing with right side of work facing.

Leave these sts. for the present.

RIGHT BACK HALF-SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and main color cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: P 2.

2nd Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end (5 sts.).

3rd Row (right side): Inc. once in first st., p 1, "twist 2," inc. once in next st.

4th Row: Cast on 3 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

5th Row: Inc. once in first st., work in patt. to last st., inc. once in last st.

Rep. 4th and 5th rows 10 times (62 sts.).

26th Row: Cast on 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

27th Row: Inc. once in first st., work in patt. to last st., inc. once in last st.

Rep. 26th and 27th rows 5 times, thus finishing after right-side row (86 sts.), then work in patt. across back sts. and leave for the present.

LEFT BACK HALF-SLEEVE

Using No. 9 needles and main color cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: K 2.

2nd Row (right side): Cast on 3 sts., k 3, p 2.

3rd Row: Inc. once in first st., k 1, p 2, inc. once in last st.

4th Row: Cast on 3 sts., p 1, k 2, p 2, "twist 2," p 2, k 1.

5th Row: Inc. once in first st., work in patt. to last st., inc. once in last st.

Work to correspond with other half-sleeve, reversing shapings, thus finishing after a wrong-side row, then patt. across back and other sleeve (306 sts.).

Shape top of sleeves as follows:

1st and 2nd Rows: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd and 4th Rows: Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Rep. from 3rd to 5th rows 20 times (134 sts.).

Next Row: Cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Rep. this row 3 times (118 sts.).

Next Row: Cast off 13 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Rep. this row 3 times.

Next Row: Cast off 14 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Rep. this row once. Cast off remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles and main color cast on 62 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

Cont. in patt. as given for back until work measures 8½ in., ending after a right-side row (side edge). Make a half-sleeve as for left back, thus finishing after a wrong-side row, then patt. across right front sts.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

2nd Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row.

3rd Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

4th Row: Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

5th Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

6th Row: Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

Rep. these 6 rows, 7 times more (84 sts.).

In next row (front edge), cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. in patt., dec. at side edge as before as given in the 6 rows, and dec. 1 st. at front edge in next 6 rows, then on following 4 alt. rows.

Next Row: (Sleeve edge) K 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row. (48 sts.).

Shape shoulders by casting off 4 sts. at armhole edge in next and following alt. row, 13 sts. on following alt. rows twice, then 14 sts. on following alt. row.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front until work measures 8½ in., ending after a wrong-side row.

Make a half-sleeve as given for right back sleeve, thus finishing after a right-side row.

Proceed as follows:

1st Row: Work in patt. across 62 sts. of left front.

2nd Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

3rd Row: Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

4th Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

5th Row: Cast off 2 sts., work in patt. to end of row.

6th Row: Work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

7th Row: K 2 tog., work in patt. to end of row.

Rep. from 2nd to 7th rows 7 times more (84 sts.).

Next Row (front edge): Cast off 4 sts., work in patt. to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Now work to correspond with right front, reversing all shapings.

WELT

(One Piece).

Using No. 11 needles and contrast wool cast on 196 sts. and work in following patt.

1st Row: Slip 1 purlwise, * k 2 tog., w.fwd., slip 1 purlwise, rep. from * to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., slip 1 purlwise.

2nd Row: K 1, * w.fwd., slip 1 purlwise, k 2 tog., rep. from



* to last 2 sts., w.fwd., slip 1 purlwise, k 1.
These 2 rows form the patt. Rep. them, working in stripes of 2 rows main color and 2 rows contrast for 3½ in.
Cast off.

THE CUFFS

Using No. 11 needles and contrast wool cast on 55 sts., and work as for welt for 3 in. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Using No. 9 needles and contrast wool cast on 85 sts. Work as for welt for 1 in. Change to

No. 11 needles and work for 1½ in. Change back to No. 9 needles and work for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully on wrong side, using damp cloth and warm iron, join upper sleeves and shoulder-seams. Sew on cuffs, easing in the lower edge of sleeve to fit. Sew under sleeve and side seams. Sew on welt, easing in the lower edge of jacket to fit. Press out the cast-on and cast-off edges of neckband, but press centre very

SIMPLE elegance has been achieved by an English designer in this button-up jacket. Note the ribbed treatment of sleeves, the way contrasting wool is introduced into the stand-up collar and basque.

lightly. Fold in half to make a double band, and stitch to neck.

RIGHT FRONT BAND

Using No. 11 needles and main color cast on 11 sts. Work in garter-st., making a buttonhole in the 5th and 6th and every following 27th and 28th rows until 9 buttonholes have been worked from commencement. Work 1 row. Cast off.

To make a buttonhole:
1st Row: K 4, cast off 3 sts., k 4.

2nd Row: K 4, cast on 3 sts., k 4.

LEFT FRONT BAND

Work as given for right front band, omitting buttonholes.

Sew on borders. Press well and sew on buttons. Press all seams.



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for the family's underwear

SOFT and luxurious knitted fabric. "Velnit" is durable, unshrinkable and easy to wash. That's why women who shop for the family ask for Morley "Velnit" when they buy light underwear. It's smooth, non-irritating always fresh and comfortable.

WOMEN: V-neck, opera top or short sleeve Vest. Pantees or Briefs with ribbed leg.

BOYS: Athletic or short sleeve Singlets. Briefs with DURA-STRETCH Waistband. Also T-Shirts for men and boys.

GIRLS: Sleeveless Vests, also Briefs and Pantees in school colours.

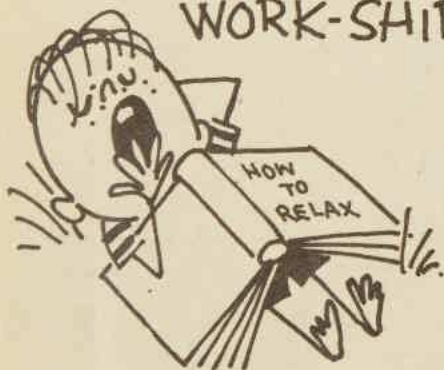
MEN: Athletics. Shorts, Trunks, Briefs with DURA-STRETCH Waistband. Also Short-sleeved Singlet, round neck or button front.

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MORLEY Velnit
Interlock cotton underwear

Always look for the name **MORLEY**

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Before it loses the use of its limbs, won't somebody PLEASE introduce it to Kellogg's Corn Flakes? With a beautiful, big, energy-loaded breakfast under its little belt there'd be practically no holding it! Honestly, now, haven't you noticed how much better, brighter, more energetic you feel after a wonderful rustling-crisp energy-loaded breakfast of Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

**QUICK-N-LIVELY
BREAKFASTS!**

Here's the 30-second way to serve energy each day! How about getting your family off to a bright start tomorrow morning with the world's favourite breakfast cereal?

Talking of Films

★★ Nightfall

COLUMBIA'S excellently made and more than usually compelling crime drama "Nightfall" stars gravel-voiced Aldo Ray as the innocent man who has the misfortune to cross the path of criminals.

The criminal pair, outstandingly played by Brian Keith and Rudy Bond, think Ray knows the whereabouts of the proceeds of a bank robbery and will either make him talk or kill him.

Wherever he hides out they find him, and the sustained tension of the earlier sequences moves into a higher gear as hunters and hunted, in the end, fight it out against a lonely, snow-covered landscape.

Anne Bancroft, as the Hollywood model who unwittingly becomes involved in the life-and-death drama, manages to give a fairly conventional role a touch that is just a little different.

Clever casting and the direction of Jacques Tourneur combine to make this modest little film a most pleasant surprise. In Sydney—Capitol.

★ The Darkest Hour

VENGEANCE on the San Francisco waterfront is the theme of Warner's film "The Darkest Hour."

Alan Ladd, stodgy and pudgy of face, is the ex-cop just released from serving a term for a killing he didn't commit, who tracks down the man who framed him. Edward G. Robinson is the crooked waterfront boss who master-minded the frame-up.

Ladd's nightclub-singer wife is played pleasantly by Joanne Dru, and old-time star Fay Wray gives a sincere performance as an ex-movie star who loves one of Robinson's underlings.

You'll see Australian Rodney Taylor in a minor role as a hired killer.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

Towards the end a never very strong directional hand loses its grip entirely and the intended thrilling speedboat climax is in danger of being drowned in audience laughter.

Color and a wide screen fail to do much for this uninspired film.

In Sydney — Plaza.

News from studios

STANDING a pretty head and shoulders above all the other starry newcomers at Cannes Film Festival this year was lank-haired, baby-faced Jacqueline Sassard, who has been causing head turnings wherever she goes. In her native France, Jacqueline could not land a film role. So she nipped across the border into Italy, where ace director Alberto Lattuada grabbed her for the title role in his Festival entry, "Guendalina." And 17-year-old Jacqueline made a triumphal entry into the Festival in a top film at the head of a great Italian publicity fanfare.

AMONG American stars who have been dropping in to say hullo to author John Steinbeck in his Rome hotel suite are Loretta Young, Carroll Baker, William Holden, Bruce Cabot, and Jo Van Fleet.

ONE of the busiest men about Hollywood these days is Anthony Quinn. As well as continuing his acting and directing career (he's doing "The Buccaneer" with Yul Brynner), Tony is running a school of acting. The newest pupil to enrol is actress Joanne Woodward.



CELEBRATION toast following the showing of the Soviet entry, "The Forty-first," at the Cannes Festival is drunk by the film's stars, Oleg Strijenov and Isolda Izvitskaya ("Russia's Marilyn Monroe"), and its director, Grigori Tchoukhrai. The film is having English dialogue dubbed.



FANS' DELIGHT, and, despite the ham expression, all too obviously delighted with their attention, is American Eddi Constantine. Formerly a singer in the States, his roles in French crime films have made him a big Continental star.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — June 5, 1957



"I'M 94 YEARS YOUNG..."

and in tip-top health!"

"For many years I've relied on All-Bran to keep me fit, regular, without laxatives."

Mr. Hines, of Kingsford, N.S.W. writes, "I'm 94 years young! I'm in tip-top health, don't even need glasses, and right now I'm touring Australia by caravan. I love outdoor life and when it comes to riding and shooting I can hold my own with the young fellows. When people ask my secret I give full credit to All-Bran. For many years I've relied on All-Bran to keep me fit and regular, without laxatives."

A delicious natural food — not a medicine

The most common cause of irregularity is lack of natural bulk in today's highly refined foods. All-Bran, Kellogg's nut-sweet breakfast cereal, supplies this bulk in a delicious natural form. Being a food, rich in B vitamins and minerals, All-Bran builds you up instead of leaving you tired, nervous and run-down as harsh laxatives do.

Accept this friendly offer and be regular the way nature intended — without medicine. For ten days, enjoy nut-sweet All-Bran with hot or cold milk, or sprinkled over other cereals. Drink plenty of water. If, after ten days, you are not completely satisfied, send the empty carton to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Botany, N.S.W., and get DOUBLE your money back.

All-Bran is a trade mark of Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. AB54-18

SO EASY SO QUICK
A family dessert in 3 minutes
Not only is Hansen's the quickest dessert to prepare, it is easiest to digest and so rich in proteins. Serve it often—kiddies love it.



HANSEN'S JUNKET TABLETS
Fruit flavoured & plain
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Stay as sweet as you are with
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — JUNE 5, 1957

at Joss, his expression one of stupefaction.

"What's the matter?" asked Joss.

"That car again," said Sebastian. "I'll swear it was there again."

"Hallucinations," diagnosed Joss. "What would it be doing anywhere near here?"

"It was going in the direction of Salvan. But why? And why is she alone? What's happened to this fiancé fellow?"

"I think you're just seeing a car of the same kind and color," said Joss. "You told me they were going to Paris to get married. Would a man, or a girl, back down at that stage? And even if they did, why would anybody want a back-of-beyond place like Salvan? What's more, it was his car and not hers, so she'd hardly be circling the country in it all by herself — would she?"

"I suppose not. All the same, I'm pretty sure that it was the green car and that Jessica de Vrais was driving it. I haven't the least idea why, but . . . it's a funny thing."

"Well?"

"I've got a feeling," said Sebastian slowly, "that we're soon going to find out."

The four kilometres between Lysaine and the Chateau had a picturesqueness that only Maurice did not appreciate, since he had curled himself up on the seat beside the Comtesse immediately on leaving Cloisy, and was now fast asleep. Joss drove into the thick woodland that engulfed the road immediately the bridge was crossed, and then the trees had given way on one side to the high wall bordering the grounds of the Chateau.

"Here my land begins," said the Comtesse. "It is pretty, I think."

"It's beautiful and unspoiled," said Joss. "Certainly unspoiled. Who shall spoil it?" asked the Comtesse. "If tourists come, there is no hotel, no inn here or at Cloisy. The road does not go on after the Chateau and so they must turn and go back again."

She leaned forward and pointed. "There, on the left, the gate."

They turned into a wide gateway and drove for some distance along a winding drive. The drive straightened out into a tree-lined avenue, at the end of which was a forecourt. Beyond this, huge and grey and spreading, stood a beautiful eighteenth-century chateau.

Joss and Sebastian looked at it with an admiration in which there was a good deal of surprise. They had not been certain of what they had expected to see, but nothing about the Comtesse, except the aristocratic nose, had given promise of anything as genuinely imposing as this. Whatever the state of the building — and there were signs of neglect everywhere — nothing could detract from its cold, calm beauty.

"You like it?" asked the Comtesse.

"Like it?" echoed Joss. "It's . . . it's beautiful."

"Yes, it is beautiful," she agreed, and there was a shrug in her voice. "But it has ruined the family who owned it for so long. I am glad that I have no son to talk to me of the pride of the de Chandillots. Where there is debt, how do you speak of pride? I have heard too much of all this and that about tradition and symbols and upholding dignity. For all the years of our marriage my husband said nothing else. Some men throw away their fortunes on horses, on women, on wine or gaming — but what ruined the men of this family?"

"This chateau. Now what is left? The money is gone and the last Comte de Chandillot also, and now this chateau, what is it? It is a

storehouse, a warehouse, a place where I keep the furniture that I buy and sell." She leaned forward and pointed. "Stop there, at the little door. We do not now use the central entrance."

They stopped before a low, ivy-hidden doorway. Before anybody could assist her, the Comtesse had hurried out of the car and was pulling impatiently at the cord of a bell above the door. She pulled often and impatiently, muttering angrily as she waited. At last there was the sound of slow footsteps and the door was opened by a tall, thin old man. The Comtesse addressed him in rapid French.

"I am back, as you see, Leon. I came back in a great hurry. Tell me with truthfulness: Monsieur has been here?"

L EON had given a stiff little bow, but showed no sign of emotion; he answered his mistress calmly. Nobody, he said, nobody at all had come to the chateau.

"You are sure that nobody could have got inside without you knowing?"

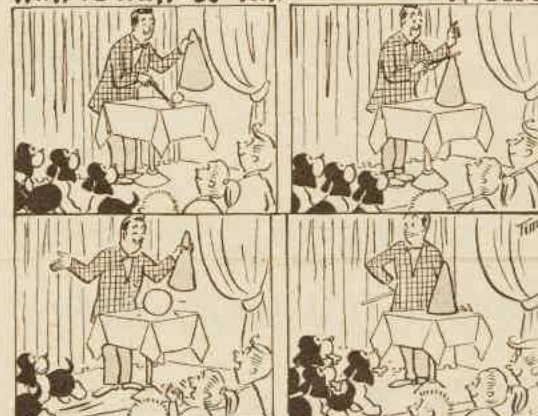
Leon was quite certain.

"Then I am not too late," said the Comtesse. "When he comes, I shall be ready for him." She gestured towards the car. "Bring the luggage in."

Joss and Sebastian helped to unload the luggage, leaving Maurice undisturbed. Without a word, the Comtesse led them down a narrow stone corridor

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



and through a door at the end. Joss and Sebastian followed her and then halted and looked round them in amazement.

They were in a vast stone hall about forty feet high. It was, with the exception of two or three suits of armor, completely bare. A beautiful staircase curved up to a high gallery; here hung some tapestries, but there was no sign of any furniture. The early evening light, streaming in through the high windows, gave the scene a theatrical, almost a dramatic, appearance. The stark cold struck through the visitors' clothing, and Sebastian gave a shiver.

"Yes, it is cold," said the Comtesse. "Come; I shall show you where you are to sleep."

They followed her across acres of marble floor, through another door, along another corridor, and up a flight of stairs. They crossed a wide landing and began to climb a second flight, less grand, more steep. This ended in a long gallery, and along it the Comtesse led them, pausing impatiently now and then to wait for them as they lingered behind.

"You look for furniture, perhaps?" she said. "There is plenty of furniture, but I do not keep it out in the rooms. I keep it only where I need it. There is only Leon to

coldly. "These, I imagine, are servants' rooms?"

"Certainly they were at one time servants' rooms," admitted the Comtesse readily. "But these are the only rooms with beds, don't you see? Tomorrow, if you wish, you shall choose other rooms and I will give you furniture, but you will have to move it yourselves, and this evening it is too late. I will send Leon to you with sheets; you must make the beds yourselves, because he will be attending to other things, you understand?"

The men did not reply; they had scarcely heard her last remark. They had glanced out of the windows of one of the rooms, and the view had rooted them to the spot; enchanted, they were looking out over the spread of countryside below, far below. They were at the top of one of the towers, high above the trees, and Lysaine and Cloisy were toy villages hidden in a sea of green.

"It is a good view, of course," said the Comtesse. "From so high you can see much."

Sebastian turned to her. "What time is dinner, Comtesse?" he asked.

She stared at him with some displeasure.

"Dinner? You expect dinner?" she asked in surprise.

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 50

work here; he cannot look after half a quarter of this place, you understand; so the furniture is stored, shut away. I will show it to you tomorrow."

They were on their way up yet another staircase; the Comtesse began to pant and her steps became slower. The stairs ended on a narrow landing and a chill, this time an inward one, fell upon Joss and Sebastian; they had obviously come to a part of the Chateau to which guests of consequence were not shown. The walls were damp, the rooms on either side small and mean.

But there was still another flight of steps to be climbed, this time of stone, narrow and winding; they were in one of the circular towers. The Comtesse's breathing became so labored that Joss went past her and gave her a hand to pull her up; even this was not enough, so Sebastian put his hands on her hips and levered her up from below.

"There! We have arrived at last," she panted.

They were on a small landing. To right and left were doors; the Comtesse, opening them, disclosed three bedrooms, all small, all mean, all cheerless, with a few items of furniture that looked fit only for firewood.

"Now you will be comfortable," she said.

"I don't think we'll be comfortable at all," said Sebastian

"We expect to eat," said Sebastian.

"Eat, certainly; but when you say dinner, that means that you expect something to be set before you—and who shall set it?"

"How about Leon?" suggested Sebastian.

"Leon? He is attending to me. Perhaps in half an hour, if you go downstairs to the kitchen, he will make you some omelets, but you must not expect, when I live here alone, that I shall keep food for an army. I said to you at St. Malo that you shall stay here if you wish, but I did not promise to provide banquets. You must go to the kitchen and speak with Leon and arrange something with him. You must eat there; I do not use the dining-rooms. I do not use any rooms; only one, which I keep for myself."

"I don't quite understand," said Sebastian. "Do you mean that the entire Chateau is unfurnished?"

"Certainly. I have said so more than once, but I think you do not listen properly. The furniture is all gathered together in certain rooms; I keep only enough for my own use. I have my meals taken to my room. And now I shall leave you because I have important telephone calls. We shall meet, perhaps, in the morning, when the boy's relations come to take him away."

She left them, and Sebastian stared at Joss with a black frown of anger.

"If I'd known this . . ." he began.

"It's a bed for the night," pointed out Joss calmly. "I don't suppose the mattresses will be too damp; these rooms must get pretty warm in summer."

"I wish we'd dropped the old hag and driven on to a decent hotel."

"She's an interesting character," said Joss thoughtfully.

"She's an eccentric and rather unpleasant old woman who goes to any length to provide herself with what she wants and doesn't give a damn what or whom she uses on the side. What I can't understand is why there was all this howling hurry to get back to this place."

"She's on somebody's tail, I think. The idea was to get here before whoever it is who's been doing the dirty cheating. I'd like to see all that furniture she's got stored away."

"I'd like to see some thick streaks and some potatoes and . . . What's that noise?"

The noise was caused by Maurice, who had come up the narrow staircase dragging a suitcase.

"You're awake, are you?" said Joss, as he came into the room.

"Yes. I went into the kitchen and saw Leon and he said to bring this case because it isn't the Comtesse's."

"Well, it isn't ours, either," said Sebastian.

"Good Lord! Joss was staring at it. "It's . . ."

Sebastian looked from his face to the suitcase. "It's the big brother," he said slowly, "of the set . . ." He stopped and gave a long, low whistle. "So that's why she's driving round the country! She's looking for us."

"But you said that she went in the direction of—"

"Of Salvan. So she did. So would we have done if the Comtesse hadn't been with us to show us where Lysaine was. If Jessica de Vrais is trying to find this place, she'll have a hard time of it. But where, as I said before, is her fiancé?"

"I don't know. But I'm sorry about the case," said Joss. "It's my fault for not looking to see what Maurice loaded on to the

To page 54



THE FIRST THING
A MAN NOTICES
— THE LAST THING
HE FORGETS

Gently the fragrance
of this famous
perfume steals upon
the air, surrounding
you in mystery . . .
enchantment . . .

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Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 53

car at St. Malo. I should have checked the stuff."

Maurice had dragged the suitcase to the bed and was lifting it on to the mattress. "Whose is it?" he asked.

"It belongs to a girl who came over on the boat from Jersey," Sebastian told him. "And if she's really driving around looking for it," he added to Joss, "instead of going to Paris and seeing about getting married, then there must be something in it that she wants pretty badly."

"How would she know we had it?" asked Joss.

"That's easy. There was a good proportion of the local population watching us as we left St. Malo; somebody'd be sure to remember a princely piece of luggage like that one. She'd ask who saw it, and where, and they'd produce the bleary-eyed taxi-driver and he'd tell her where we'd gone. The only thing I can't understand is why that fiancé isn't with her. You'd think he'd want to."

"Tiens!"

THE exclamation came from Maurice in a squeak of surprise. The men swung round and then stood staring. He had been experimenting with the clasps and they had opened; he had lifted the lid. They were looking at the white folds of the wedding dress.

"Well . . ." Sebastian spoke softly, at last. "Now we know why she's looking for us."

Joss walked forward and put a finger gently on the circlet of orange blossom.

"Wonder if this'll delay the wedding?" he mused. "But"—he turned to Sebastian—"if she found that we had the case, and if she came to find us, why didn't she get here ahead of us?"

"First," said Sebastian, "because, like all women, she's probably incapable of reading a map. Even if she read it correctly, she'd have a hard time finding her way through all those lanes we came through. Another likely theory is that she took off in a flaming temper—she must inherit it from Papa—and she hasn't cooled down enough to be able to find the right road. But she'll get here. She's got as far as Salvan; they'll send her back here, and it had better be soon if she wants to get to Paris tonight with the bridal raiment. She'll . . . Look, Maurice, will you stop playing about with that suitcase and shut it up and leave it alone?"

"I was only seeing if it had a tray, that's all," said Maurice. "But it hasn't."

"Well, stop handling property that doesn't belong to you, and—my holy aunt!" ended Sebastian, slowly and reverently.

There was a long silence. Joss and Sebastian, staring, found nothing to say. They were looking down, fascinated, at the bright and gleaming objects to be seen among the folds of the wedding dress.

"Aren't they pretty?" said Maurice. "They shine."

Sebastian, with a strong effort, pulled himself together. "Go downstairs, Maurice," he ordered, "and look round and see if you can find a decent bathroom we can use. The one we've been given is two floors down and has a. but no h. Find one with both hot and cold water, and then come back and report to me."

Maurice slid off the bed and ran happily down the stairs. The men stood staring down at the gleaming jewels disturbed by Maurice, jewels hidden deep in the folds of the dress, secured by thread from the danger of slipping out of place. Only Maurice's rough handling had disturbed them.

"Do you see those, Joss?" asked Sebastian slowly.

Joss had seated himself on the bed and was bending over the case to look more closely.

"Jewels," said Sebastian. "In the dress—jewels. And," he added with conviction, "worth a packet."

Joss looked up.

"B-but . . . but that's smuggling!" he stammered.

"And in a big way."

"But . . . if she's caught! I mean, if she'd been caught. If they'd—"

"If they'd done a bit of rummaging? What Frenchman would put a finger in there after seeing the wedding dress and getting a mental picture of the bride—that bride—wearing it? A Frenchman is a Frenchman first and a Customs official next, he probably fell into a sentimental reverie and chalked up the score without a second glance."

"But why risk—?"

"Wedding presents," guessed Sebastian. "Her wedding gift from Papa, I don't doubt. They look to me like heirlooms. The idea of getting them through the Customs inside the wedding dress was probably all his own."

"No," Joss spoke positively. "No, it couldn't have been his idea, because everything I heard in Jersey said that he was against the marriage. In fact, I'm fairly certain that nobody—certainly not her father—knew that she was coming over to marry this fellow."

"You mean that she came without her father's consent?"

"His consent wouldn't make much odds; she's over twenty-one. I think she came without his knowledge."

"Are you trying to say that she brought the loot without his knowledge, too?"

"I'm trying to believe that she didn't."

"Well, it's going to be interesting to meet her again," said Sebastian, closing the case after rearranging its contents carefully. "It was going to be pleasant anyway, but now it's going to be even more so. Here comes that prying, sneaking son of Satan, with no idea of how grateful I am to him. Well, Maurice?"

"The bathrooms," reported Maurice, "don't have hot water. Only cold water. All except two, right downstairs on the ground floor. One is the Comtesse's."

"Then the other," decided Sebastian, "will be ours. It'll take a week to get to it, and two weeks to get back up all those stairs, but it'll be worth it. And now let's see about getting some food. Maurice, you seem to have found your way to the kitchen, so you can lead us there."

It was a long walk. When they reached it, they found a vast, dim chamber with a long row of disused ovens, a primitive heating cupboard, an antique iron spit, and a wooden table some ten or twelve feet in length. In a far corner, Leon was stirring something in a saucepan on a spirit stove. He looked up as they entered and shook his head regretfully.

"There is no food, Messieurs," he told them. "I keep enough for the Comtesse, for she comes and goes without warning—but for two, three . . ."

"Will it be in order for us to make our own arrangements?" asked Joss.

"Certainly, Monsieur. I regret that it should be necessary—but I am here alone, you understand? I am caretaker, I am cook, I am cleaner."

"But the chauffeur? There's a chauffeur, isn't there?" asked Sebastian.

"The chauffeur, that is also

To page 55

myself, Monsieur. But for years there has been no car."

"How about getting this stove alight?" asked Joss. "Is there fuel?"

"There is wood, Monsieur; I will bring some."

"Good. I'll light the stove," said Joss. "Sebastian, if you'll take the car and go and buy some food, I'll cook it. If you go at once, I'll have a fire going by the time you get back; that'll give us bath water and something to cook on."

"Come on," urged Maurice. "Let's go quickly."

When the two got back, Joss was ready for them and the kitchen looked a good deal more cheerful. Cooking utensils were assembled at one end of the table and a checked cloth had been laid at the other. Joss, in his shirt-sleeves, and wearing an apron borrowed from Leon, was looking with satisfaction at the glowing fire in the stove.

"Here," Sebastian and Maurice dropped their purchases on the table. "Bread, butter, eggs, veal chops, salad, cheese, coffee, sugar, milk, potatoes—if you're thinking of asking me to peel them, I vote we have them in their jackets—olive oil—Maurice's idea, and a good one—vinegar, lemons, salt, and I think that's all."

"That's fine. Leave me to deal with it," said Joss. "You take Maurice and see that he has a bath."

"Have a bath?" said Maurice.

"Supervise his bath?" said Sebastian.

There was violent protest in both voices. Joss ignored it.

Continuing . . . Bridal Array

from page 54

"I'll have a meal ready for you when you get back," he said.

"But look here—" began Sebastian.

"Unless," said Joss, "you'd rather peel the potatoes."

When Sebastian and Maurice returned, the latter in pyjamas and a dressing-gown, the scene had become almost one of domestic comfort. Plates and knives and forks were laid ready; Joss was bending over the stove; Leon was bringing in more wood; there was an appetising smell.

They sat down to eat; Leon following a code of his own, insisted on removing his plate from the cloth to the bare board and then sat down happily to the meal. The chops were juicy and tender; there were fried potatoes and potatoes boiled and mashed with butter; there was crisp salad with a breath of garlic; the bread was scrunchy and the butter rich and golden.

They were eating heartily, silently, when the door opened to admit the Comtesse. The men rose and she advanced into the room sniffing the air appreciatively.

"I knew that you were eating something good," she told them. "I passed by the door, and the smell came out to me. Perhaps there is something left for me? Leon does not give me enough; a small omelet, and he thinks that is a feast. This is veal; that is good, I like veal." She sat down and looked expectantly at Joss.

"As a rule I do not eat meat

at this time, but after a journey one is hungry, isn't it so?"

She was given a plate, a knife and fork, and some food. Leon, still following his code, took his plate and slipped quietly away. The Comtesse ate quickly and with the silent concentration she had shown at lunch; the meal over, she pushed away her empty plate, loosened her skirtband, and looked at Sebastian.

"In the morning it may be that I must go to Paris," she told him. "I do not know for

and handed it round, and Joss took his cup and looked at her expectantly.

"You were going to say something?" he reminded her.

"Yes. This is what it is. I have a nephew," she told them. "I could tell you many things about him, but I will say only that he is a no-good. I have tried to help him, but it has all been useless. For years I kept him here; I paid for his education, but I saw that he would never be of any account, and so at last I threw him out. I sent him away."

"I gave him money every year, and let him go on his own



certain; I am waiting for a telephone call. If I have to go, you will drive me?"

"All we contracted to do, Comtesse," Sebastian told her, "was to drive you to Lysaine. After that, you said, we would be free to go or to stay; there was nothing said about driving you anywhere else."

"But don't you understand that it is simply for the reason that the trains are not going? Would I ask you to drive me if the trains were not striking?"

"Yes, I think you would," said Sebastian. "Is there any reason why Leon shouldn't take you to Paris?"

"Leon? But Leon has to work in this place. Shall I go away and leave the chateau full of strangers? That would be extraordinary. I think. We have the car, and you are doing nothing. But see," she went on before either of the men could answer her. "The little boy has gone half to sleep. Call Leon. Leon, take the child upstairs and put him to bed. Now pay attention," she resumed, as Leon led away the glass-eyed Maurice. "I will explain something to you about why it is necessary for me to go to Paris. I will begin at the beginning."

"One moment," Joss held up a hand and rose from the table. "Coffee."

He walked to the stove and brought the coffee to the table, but the Comtesse had risen.

"Bring it to my room," she said. "It will be better to talk there."

They followed her along a corridor, through a circular hall, through several empty rooms, and into another hall. From this opened a long, narrow, pleasant room which overlooked the drive by which they had approached the chateau. Here, at least, there was no lack of furniture: the room was full of show pieces. At one end were tables, chairs, sofas of every period; at the other, uncurtained, was the huge four-poster in which the Comtesse slept; beyond it were three or four beautiful dressing-tables.

"Put the tray there." The Comtesse pointed to a small table exquisitely inlaid with mother-of-pearl. "Sit down, and we shall make ourselves comfortable."

Joss put down the tray and drew up a chair for the Comtesse; she poured out the coffee

way. For many years I have not let him come to the chateau, and I do not like to see him because I do not like him. But last week I found myself in a difficulty, just as you were this morning at St. Malo. Before I came to help you. This difficulty was: I had to be in two places at the same time. There was a sale in Paris and a sale in London. I—"

"Sale of what?" inquired Sebastian.

"Of what?" she echoed irritably. "Of furniture, naturally. Do I sell cows and sheep? Well, this is what I am explaining. Both sales were very important to me, and I wished to be at both, but naturally I could not, but I found out that my nephew was in Paris and I decided that I would ask him to go to the sale there and buy for me. And so I asked him. I did not want to; I did not trust him, but also I did not trust anybody else. He agreed to buy, and then I made this mistake: I gave him the money."

"It was a great deal of money; the furniture in which I am interested is not cheap. I went to London, and there I waited after the sale for him to telephone to me and tell me how much he had paid for the thing I wanted. But no word. No sign. And at once I made inquiries and I found that, no, he had not been to the sale at all. So where is my nephew? Where is my money?"

"Well, where?" asked Sebastian after a pause.

"That is what I am waiting to hear now. I did not think that he would ever cheat me openly like this with defiance. I thought that he would be too frightened. But when I understood that he had taken so large a sum of money, my money, I said to myself that he would not stop at that. Having taken so much, he would take more. I was sure that, knowing me to be in London, he would come down to the chateau and help himself to some of my furniture."

"He knows good furniture, so much, at least, I was able to teach him. And that is why I wished to come here without delay, and at whatever cost; I was willing to spend much because I wished to catch him here. As you see, he has not yet come, but I am sure that he will. I have telephoned to make inquiries, and I am waiting to hear if there is news of

him. All that I know at present is what he told me himself."

"And what was that?" asked Sebastian as she paused.

"There is a woman," said the Comtesse.

"That's no surprise, is it?" asked Sebastian.

"In a way, yes. In a way it is a surprise. Like all the men of his family, he spends freely, but he does not spend on women. So it is a surprise now to learn that he is in the hands of a woman. He said that he was going to marry her, and that she was very rich. I did not believe him, and now you can see that he was lying. If a man is to marry a rich woman, he does not need to steal from his aunt; he can steal from his wife. But if this woman thinks that she is going to enjoy my money she will have a great surprise. I—"

She broke off abruptly. The telephone beside her bed had begun to ring shrilly. She went eagerly across the room to answer it.

"Now," she said. "I shall know what he has done; perhaps even where he is." She lifted the receiver and bellowed into it. "Allo? Allo? I am here. Speak."

There was a pause, broken only by the muffled sounds coming through the telephone. Joss and Sebastian, watching with undisguised interest, saw on the listener's face blank astonishment, indignation, and finally outrage.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed at last. "He would not dare! You are quite certain? Yes . . . yes. Then he has gone

to see this woman, you say? In the car? Yes . . . yes, I am listening. Green, you say?"

The others were only half-listening. Attracted by another sound, they had turned to look out of one of the great windows and were following with absorbed interest the progress of a car which had come up the drive and was circling into the forecourt. It was in full view of the Comtesse, but her attention was on the details coming over the wire.

"You do not know the number? But green, with a— a what is that? Yes, yes, a green dragon on the front and . . . yes . . . I am—"

Her voice died away. She had raised her eyes and gazed, at first absently and then with eyes and mouth opening in stupefaction at the car which had come to a halt almost in front of the window. Her hand seemed to become lifeless; without heeding the sounds still coming from the telephone, she fumbled the receiver back on to its stand and stood staring out at the car standing in the drive. Her voice, when at last she could speak, sounded dazed.

"But . . . that is it," she said slowly. "That is the car. That is the same one, and if it is the car, it must be also the woman." She turned to stare at the others. "But then where," she inquired, "is my nephew?"

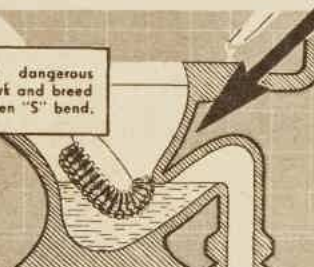
Sebastian was already at the door.

"Let's go and find out," he suggested.

To be continued

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The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office.



BETTY KING RECIPE

2 delicious ways to enjoy this home-style Chicken goodness

Isn't Continental just full of surprises? Not only does it make a glorious Chicken Noodle Soup in only 7 minutes, but it helps make Betty King's favourite Chicken Rissole recipe illustrated here.

It's no wonder, really — Continental brand Chicken Noodle Soup is just so rich in real chicken goodness, it can be used to add extra flavour and excitement to many every-day dishes — spaghetti, casseroles, stews, meat loaves — anything! Good idea to take home several packets at a time!

TASTY CHICKEN RISSOLES

- 1 pkt. Continental Brand Chicken Noodle Soup
- 1½ cups boiling water
- 1 lb. potatoes
- 1 cup diced cold meat or ½ cup diced cooked bacon
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Method

Cook Chicken Noodle Soup in 1½ cups water for 7 minutes. Boil potatoes without adding salt. Drain and mash, using the prepared soup. Add meat and parsley and stand aside till cold. Shape into cakes on a floured board and coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Shallow fry in Copha shortening until golden brown on each side. Drain and serve at once with sauce and vegetables.



"See how the fresh home-cooked* goodness of Continental Soups adds flavour-excitement to your meals!" SAYS *Betty King* HOME ECONOMIST OF WORLD BRANDS

*Full-flavoured Continental brand soups come to you in air-tight aluminium packets, ready-prepared to fresh-cook at home.



Soup or sauce — it's a mushroom feast!

A glamorous start to the meal — bowls of Continental brand Mushroom Soup, packed with pieces of tender French mushrooms. When there's steak on the menu, make this superb sauce. Blend one packet Continental Mushroom Soup in a saucepan with 2 cups milk. Stir till boiling, simmer gently 3 minutes.



9 nourishing vegetables in brown gravy-beef stock

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SCORE WELL...after the game

By LEILA C. HOWARD, Our Food and Cookery Expert

Score top marks in popularity with your son or daughter by providing a hearty buffet meal for them and their friends after the weekend's outdoor activities.

LET your children bring home their friends to a cheerful, warm atmosphere with plenty of simply prepared but hot and tasty food to appease their appetites, made ravenous by spending a winter afternoon watching or playing games.

A piping-hot, substantial soup, the age-old favorite—curry and rice—or savory roll variation, and a large square of cake will be greeted with enthusiasm by young and old alike.

All spoon measurements are level.

CREOLE SOUP

Two tablespoons chopped onion, 2 tablespoons grated turnip, 2 tablespoons dripping, 3 tablespoons flour, 2½ cups stock (or water with meat or soup cubes), 2 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon horseradish, 4 tablespoons cooked rice (1½ tablespoons uncooked), 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt, and cayenne pepper.

Lightly fry the onion and turnip in the fat; add the flour and stir until well absorbed. Add the stock and stir until the mixture boils. Stir in the peeled and sliced tomatoes and simmer for 10 minutes. Add the horseradish, rice, sauce, and the salt and cayenne to taste. Serve very hot.

OYSTER CHOWDER

One tablespoon butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon flour, 3 cups milk, 1 pint oysters and liquor, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon paprika, 1-8th teaspoon grated nutmeg, 2 egg-yolks, ½ cup cream or evaporated milk.

Melt the butter or margarine, blend in the flour, add milk and liquor drained from the

oysters. Add salt, paprika, nutmeg, and chopped oysters. Put saucepan over hot water (not boiling), let stand for 5 minutes. Beat egg-yolks until thick as cream, add cream or evaporated milk, and beat together with the rotary beater. Remove the oyster soup from the heat, add 1 or 2 spoonfuls of cream and egg mixture; finally add this mixture to the soup, set the saucepan over the hot water again, and stir over heat for 1 or 2 minutes (do not boil). Serve with slices of dry toast.

CORNEE-BEEF ROLL-UP WITH BARBECUE SAUCE

Three cups plain flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup grated cheese, ½ cup shortening, 1 cup milk, 2 tins corned beef shredded, 1 onion, ½ cup tomato sauce.

Sift flour, baking-powder, and salt together. Rub in shortening until mixture resembles breadcrumbs, stir in cheese. Add sufficient milk to make a firm dough, knead lightly, and roll out on a floured board to form a rectangle. Combine beef, finely chopped onion, and tomato sauce. Spread on to dough to within ½ in. of edge. Roll up and lift carefully on to greased tray. Brush with milk and bake in hot oven 20 minutes. Cut into slices and serve with barbecue sauce.

Barbecue Sauce: Half cup chopped onion, 1 clove garlic, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup tomato sauce, ½ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon cayenne.

Cook onion and garlic in butter until golden-brown. Add all other ingredients and simmer 30 minutes. Strain and serve.

CURRIED MUTTON IN RICE BASKETS

Two pounds mutton shoulder, chump, or breast, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-8th teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine, 1 cup grapefruit juice, 2 large onions, chopped, 1½ tablespoons flour, 2 teaspoons curry-powder, hot water, 3 cups cooked hot rice (1 cup uncooked), ½ cup sultanas, 1 green apple.

Wipe mutton with a clean damp cloth and

cut in ½ in. squares. Sprinkle the meat with salt and pepper. Brown lightly in frying-pan, using half the margarine or butter. Remove to casserole, add grapefruit juice, cover, and bake in a slow oven 1 hour. Add remainder of margarine or butter to frying-pan and saute onions until golden-brown. Blend in flour and curry-powder, then add enough hot water to make a smooth, fairly thick sauce (about 2 cups). Add the mutton and juices, sultanas, and diced apple. Mix well and heat for 20 minutes. Serve hot in basket shapes of hot cooked rice.

CORN GRIDDLE CAKES

Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking-powder, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper, 2 eggs, 2 cups cooked fresh corn or drained tinned corn, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons melted shortening.

Sift flour, baking-powder, salt, and pepper. Mix to a smooth thick batter with beaten egg and milk. Add melted shortening and corn. Drop in spoonfuls on hot greased griddle or frying-pan, turning to brown. Serve piping hot. Makes about 24 cakes.

CHEESE STRIPS

One tablespoon margarine or butter, 1-3rd cup grated cheese, ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 4 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Soften margarine or butter, gradually beat in grated cheese, continue beating until mixture is soft and well creamed. Mix in breadcrumbs, sifted flour, salt, and cayenne. Add milk, making a very dry dough. Turn on to floured board, roll very thinly. Using 2 round cutters, one smaller than the other, cut six rings, place on greased tray. Cut strips from balance of mixture about 3½ in. long by 1-8th to ½ in. wide. Place on same oven-tray as rings. Bake in moderate oven 10 minutes or until lightly browned. Allow to cool on tin. To serve, pass several strips through each ring to resemble a bundle of straws.

PRAWN AND POTATO PIES

Three dozen cheese pastry-cases, 1lb. prawns, 4 cups mashed potato, 2 tablespoons melted butter, lemon juice, grated cheese, lemon wedges, parsley.

Shell and chop the prawns, leaving some for garnishing. Toss in lemon juice and place a small spoonful on the bottom of each cooked pastry-case. Beat the potato until light and creamy, adding melted butter. Pile over the seasoned prawns. Sprinkle lightly with a little grated cheese. Return to the oven to reheat and lightly brown the cheese. Garnish with whole prawns, lemon wedges, and parsley.

COCONUT BUTTERSCOTCH SQUARES

Six ounces butter or margarine, 8oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, ½ cup milk, 12oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or margarine and sugar with the vanilla essence. Add egg-yolks gradually, then the milk. Fold in sifted flour and salt, adding a little extra milk if eggs are small. Carefully fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites and pour mixture into well-greased foundation-tin. Cook in a moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes.

When cake is cooked, remove from oven and while still warm spread with the coconut topping. Place under griller for 5 to 7 minutes. Cool, cut in squares.

Coconut Topping: Quarter of a cup of butter, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup shredded coconut.

Cream butter and sugar well, add cream or evaporated milk, mix well, and fold in coconut.

TASTY DISHES illustrated below are guaranteed to replace the calories of the most energetic sports-lover. There are bowls of oyster chowder, curried mutton and rice, corned-beef roll-up, and coconut butterscotch squares.



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**Dip!
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Make the BIG difference to every meal with Keen's Mustard! It brings out the hidden goodness of all meats . . . adds flavour to fish and cheese dishes. Serve it with every meal for extra enjoyment.

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RECKITT & COLMAN (AUSTRALIA) LTD.



DATE AND BANANA RING will be popular on any tea-table, especially when served freshly made and accompanied by a pile of butter curls. See recipe below.

Tea-ring wins recipe prize

Date, banana, and lemon are the flavors used in the filling of this week's prizewinning recipe sent in by a reader.

FOR a change, vary the filling mixture with any one of the suggested combinations listed below.

All spoon measurements are level.

DATE AND BANANA RING

Eight ounces self-raising flour, pinch salt and nutmeg, 1oz. butter, 1oz. sugar, 1 egg, 5 tablespoons milk, 1 tablespoon lemon juice.

Filling: Three-quarters pound dates, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 2 bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind.

Prepare filling first. Chop dates, place in saucepan with water and lemon juice. Stir over low heat until dates are soft and pulpy; allow to cool, then stir in mashed bananas and lemon rind. Prepare scone mixture. Sift flour, salt, and nutmeg, rub in butter, add sugar. Mix to a firm dough with beaten egg, milk, and

lemon juice. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly. Roll out to an oblong shape, $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick. Spread date mixture over dough, moisten edges; roll up, starting from the longest side. Join in a ring, place on greased tray, glaze with milk. Snip with kitchen scissors or large knife at $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. intervals, cutting nearly through to centre of ring. Turn each section sideways so the filling shows. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

For variety in the fillings use:

1. Two cups chopped seeded raisins and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts.

2. Three-quarters pound dates and 4oz. chopped salted peanuts.

3. Two cups sultanas, 2 finely diced apples, and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon.

First Prize of £5 to Miss E. Butler, 11 Delville St., Horsham, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

BEEF sausages cooked in a layered casserole make this week's appetising family dish, which costs approximately five shillings and sixpence and serves five.

LAYERED SAUSAGE CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds beef sausages, 2 onions, 2 potatoes, 2 small apples, 3 tomatoes, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper, sugar, 1 cup stock or water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce.

Prick sausages, cover with cold water, bring to the boil; drain. Place in greased casserole. Cover with layer of sliced onion and sliced potato. Season each layer, sprinkle with parsley. Place layer of peeled, cored, and sliced apple on top of potatoes, season and cover with thickly sliced tomatoes. Sprinkle lightly with sugar and season with salt and pepper. Pour stock or water and Worcestershire sauce into casserole, cover and bake in moderate oven $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

**I know, and
you know!**



that washing is to get clothes clean, but washing alone cannot make your white clothes dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

... only

Reckitt's Blue

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Every woman knows that she can never hope for dazzling white sheets and shirts and other white things unless they have a last rinse in Reckitt's Blue. WASH to get the dirt out. RINSE to get rid of loose dirt and suds, and then into RECKITT'S BLUE for that proud, lovely white. That's the secret.

...and for
perfect starching

more and more women are now using Robin, the easy-to-mix powder starch that does not stick to the iron. Therefore, ironing is easier and linens are crisp and fresh looking.

ROBIN Starch

GIVES WINGS TO YOUR IRON

Remember! Reckitt's Blue and Robin Starch
—your perfect washday companions

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive, free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

(1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you daily need to renew your body tissues. (2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are harmless and safe for the most delicate persons and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

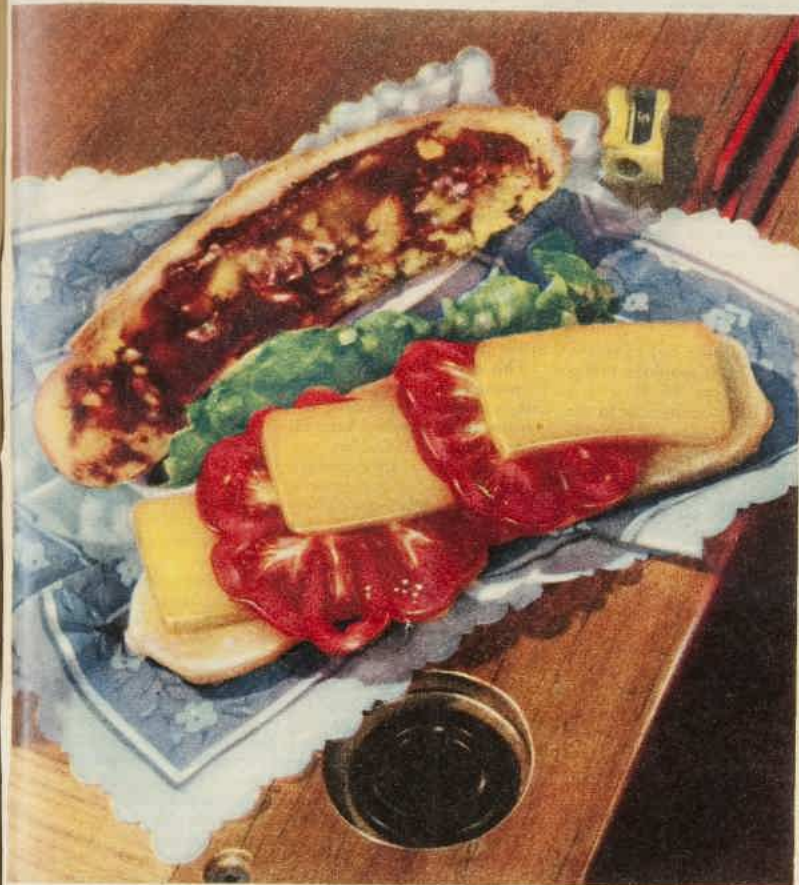
DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for 9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.



School Lunches — A KRAFT GUIDE TO DAILY NOURISHMENT

3 easy-to-prepare, wholesome lunches made with wonderful Kraft Foods



Butter bread rolls, top one half with golden Kraft Cheddar sliced from the blue 8-oz. packet, the family-size economy 2-lb. loaf, or from the 5-lb. loaf, and garnish with lettuce or tomato. Kraft Cheddar blends beautifully with all sorts of sandwich fillings. Spread the other half of the roll with Vegemite for added vitamins, and you have a well-balanced lunch-box treat.



Pop a few Kraft 1-oz. cheese portions in the kiddies' lunch boxes. Eight different varieties to choose from — Cheese and Bacon, Cheddar, Old English, Velveeta, Gruyere, Celery, Gorgonzola and Caraway Seed. This way you're adding 1-oz. portions of concentrated nourishment — and you make the midday break so much more interesting for the youngsters.

Nutrition experts stress need for nourishing lunches...

Almost every week, newspapers and magazines publish articles by nutrition experts stressing the importance of nourishing lunches, particularly for school children.

The reason? During the morning, children burn up essential energy elements. These have to be replaced by a nourishing, but light, midday meal.

What's the answer? Pack a Kraft lunch — rich in essential protein, vitamins and minerals. Here are two famous Kraft products you should always have handy.

Kraft Cheddar Cheese — contains all the food elements kiddies need for sturdy growth. Just consider — it takes 8 whole pints of milk to make one pound of Kraft Cheddar.

Vegemite — a concentrated yeast extract, rich in vitamins for vitality.

See all the nutritious Kraft products at your store and stock up a sandwich shelf *now!*



The Oslo Lunch is famous throughout the world as the ideal health lunch. And it's one of the simplest to prepare. Just pack an apple or orange, three slices of buttered wholemeal bread, and 1 oz. of Kraft Cheddar. And tell the youngsters to make sure they get their ½ pint of milk at School to complete the Oslo lunch. Health experts recommend Kraft Cheddar as the cheese to include in every Oslo lunch.



If it's Dad's lunch you're preparing, try Kraft Old English — just as nourishing as Kraft Cheddar but with a stronger flavour. Available in the red 8-oz. packet and 1-oz. portions.

Cheese is a wonderful food
and **KRAFT** makes
wonderful cheeses

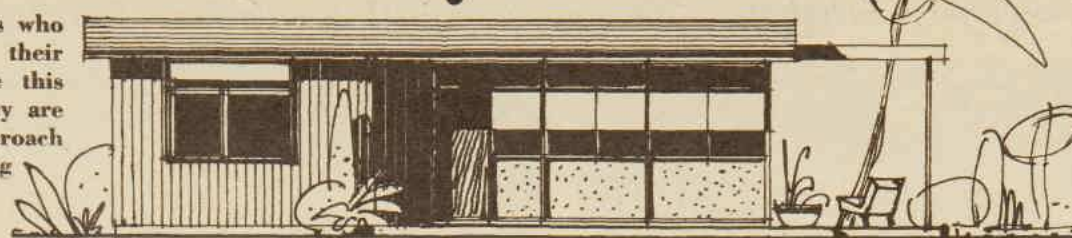
Home for newlyweds

Newly married couples who dream of building their own home can make this dream a reality if they are realistic in their approach to the home's planning and construction.

THE commonest mistake people on limited budgets make is to attempt too much, with the result that the standard of finish and fittings in the house must suffer.

By planning for future extensions, the home can grow with the family without a great deal of inconvenience, and the initial building loan can be kept to a minimum.

It is possible to reduce the overall cost per square con-



THE EXTERIOR of the newlywed couple's first home. It is designed so additions can be made at a minimum cost and inconvenience as the family increases.

siderably, if a few important fundamental points are remembered.

One of the most important points affecting the cost is the selection of the site. The expenditure of a little more money to buy a level block with easy access for building materials is really an economy, and the money spent will be more than compensated for in

the final cost of construction.

People often are delighted when they buy land they believe is a bargain, only to find

**Architect's Diary,
by Sydney architect
W. J. McMURRAY**

later that additional foundations, drainage difficulties, and the extra handling of materials by the builder has increased the cost of the house by £1000 or more.

A level site has the additional advantage of allowing

the use of a concrete floor slab, built directly on to the ground.

Even with the cost of waterproofing and sub-floor drainage, this type of floor has proved itself economical in the saving of foundation heights and elimination of a large quantity of timber floor framing.

Plate glass, although attractive in large areas, is an expensive and sometimes unnecessary luxury.

Quite large areas of uninterrupted glass are possible by using the heavier sheet glasses that are only a fraction of the cost of polished plate glass.

The disadvantage of sheet glass is some visual distortion caused by slight irregularities in the glass, but for most types of windows this is not detrimental to the view.

Walls framed with dressed timber posts and beams allow the free and economical arrangement of solid panels, doors, opening sashes, and fixed glazing.

A suitable material for colored panels is an imported asbestos cement that has the color incorporated in it.

The outside is polished and the inside, also colored, could

be exposed. If heat must be considered, an insulating layer of fibre board can be inserted in the panel of the inside face.

This type of construction is economical in labor and materials, and is an interesting departure from standard internal and external wall finishes.

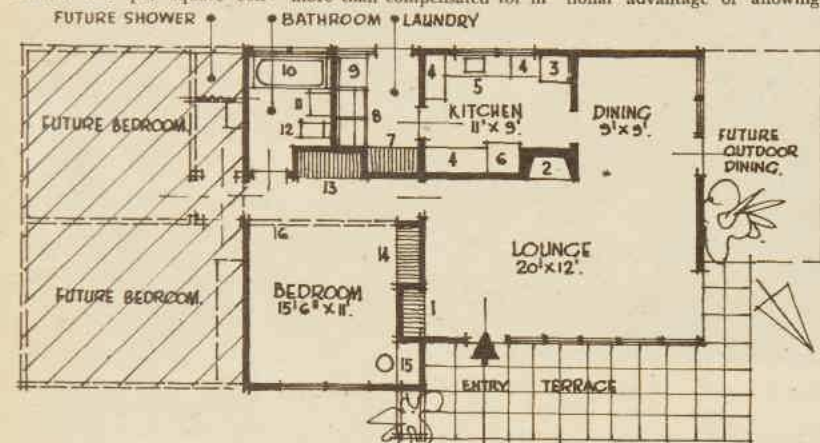
Wall tiling is an expensive finish, but there are equally satisfactory and cheaper alternatives. Laminated plastic, for example, although it may seem expensive to buy, eliminates some of the costly labor of tile fixing if applied in large sheets.

The roof provides another opportunity for reducing costs.

Low pitched roofs made of a recently developed concrete tile, bituminous felt, or aluminium sheeting on boarding allow the ceiling to be applied directly to the underside of the rafters, thus saving the extra framing necessary for a level ceiling.

A good material for the ceiling is perforated waterproof plywood, used in conjunction with an insulating material behind it.

This has acoustic and insulating properties and also has the appearance of natural timber veneer with an interesting perforated texture.



PLAN above shows: 1, coat cupboard; 2, fireplace; 3, stove; 4, bench; 5, sink and drainer; 6, refrigerator; 7, broom cupboard; 8, laundry tubs; 9, washing-machine; 10, bath; 11, basin; 12, toilet; 13, linen cupboard; 14, wardrobe; 15, dressing-table; 16, future partition.

Care of kidneys

By SISTER MARY JACOB,
our Mothercraft Nurse.

DURING pregnancy the kidneys have to do extra work in eliminating some of the waste products of the body.

The kidneys during pregnancy have to help eliminate the waste products produced in the chemical action of the growth of the unborn baby.

For this reason the doctor will want to test the kidneys regularly throughout pregnancy, at first every month and in the last three months every fortnight or even every week.

Neglecting to carry out these regular tests has been the cause of dangerous and even tragic childbirth, so it is most important for the expectant mother to co-operate with the doctor and visit him regularly.

If there is a sudden diminution in the quantity of urine passed in a 24-hour period, inform the doctor without delay, because it may mean the kidneys are not doing their work properly.

The doctor can give you treatment at once to correct this. He may remove salt entirely from the diet and prescribe temporarily a very restricted diet.

The skin and the kidneys both share in the work of eliminating poisons from the body, therefore it is most important to keep the skin in a very healthy and tonic state by daily baths (showers for the last six weeks of pregnancy) and by friction and massage of the skin with a rough towel after drying.

THE GOOD OIL

OIL BEATS ATOM

EVEN IF ATOMIC ENERGY SUPPLIES ONE THIRD OF THE WORLD'S ENERGY BY THE YEAR 2000, OIL WILL STILL BE NEEDED AT LEAST FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS TODAY.

TANKER COMES CLEAN

ENGINEERS FOUND GAS TURBINE OF SHELL TANKER "AURIS" AS CLEAN AS A NEW PIN AFTER RUNNING 17,510 HOURS.

DID YOU KNOW...

OIL TIPS PREVENT CHIPS

OIL GIVES SMOOTH, GLEAMING NAILS, UNBLEMISHED BY CRACKS, BECAUSE NAIL VARNISHES MADE FROM OIL-BASED SOLVENTS ARE FLEXIBLE, MORE LUSTROUS

5,000 TIMES AROUND WORLD

YOU COULD DRIVE A SMALL CAR 5000 TIMES AROUND THE WORLD ON THE PETROL CONTAINED IN ANY ONE OF THE THREE MILLION GALLON STORAGE TANKS AT SHELL'S GEELONG REFINERY



BROODY IN A BIG WAY!

A HEN OFTEN NEEDS COAXING TO LAY ONE EGG A DAY, BUT THE TOBACCO LOOPER MOTH PRODUCES UP TO A 100 FERTILE EGGS IN 48 HOURS! SHELL DIELDRIN IS DEALING DEATH TO THIS SCOURGE OF THE TOBACCO GROWER.



£9,000,000 ACCOUNT
SHELL'S purchases in Australia during 1956 totalled £9,000,000 — contributing greatly to Australia's progress.

SHELL serves Australia...
YOU CAN BE SURE OF



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

542. — Beginners' pattern for a smart and easy-to-make baby blouse. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material or 2½yds. 36in. material, plus ¼yd. 36in. contrast. Price 2/6.



F4543. — Infant's pretty lace-trimmed frock, petticoat, and pilcher set. Size infants. Requires: Frock, 1½yds. 36in. material; petticoat, ½yd. 36in. material; pilchers, ½yd. 36in. material, plus 6yds. lace edging. Price 4/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

F4481. — Tailored daytime frock, dressy and versatile in velvet. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. velvet. Price 4/6.

F4544. — Slender sheath dress with floating, self-material back panel. Pattern includes short and three-quarter sleeve designs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: 3yds. 54in. material for design with three-quarter sleeves; 4yds. 36in. material for short-sleeve design. Price 4/-.

F4512. — Attractively styled afternoon dress has new-again trouser pleats at the waistline. The pattern includes a sleeveless style and one with three-quarter sleeves. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires: Design with sleeves, 3yds. 54in. material; without sleeves, 3yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-.



• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 483.—TAILORED BLOUSE
Long-sleeved blouse obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is Ingola; the color choice includes cream, pastel blue, pink, and lemon. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 46/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 48/9. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

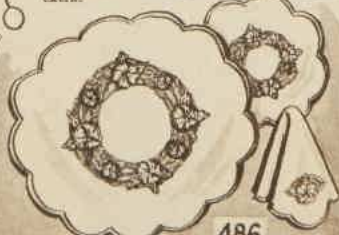
No. 484.—SLIMMER-LINE SKIRT
Tailored skirt obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is wool and color choice includes burgundy, dark brown, mid-brown, nut-brown, and brown with a white neck. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 59/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

No. 485.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS
Pretty one-piece dress with smocked bodice is obtainable cut out ready to make in cream, pastel pink, blue, and lemon Ingola. Full instructions are included for making. Sizes: 4 years, 37/3; 5 to 6 years, 39/11; 7 to 8 years, 42/3; 9 to 10 years, 44/8. Postage and registration, 2/9 extra. Smocking transfer, 1/6 extra.

No. 486.—LUNCHEON SET
The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider on cream and white Irish linen and on sheer linen in blue, lemon, pink, and green. Matching serviettes are available.

Sizes: Centre mat, 17 x 17in.; plate mats, 11 x 11in.; cup-and-saucer mats, 5 x 5in.; serviettes, 11 x 11in. Nine-piece set of 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 18/11. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set of 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup-and-saucer mats, 23/9. Postage and registration, 3/- extra. Serviettes, 1/9 each; postage (if ordered separately), 6d. extra.

No. 487.—MATERNITY PINAFORE
Practically designed maternity pinafore with waist expansion is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is Melange in charcoal-grey, primrose, lavender, jade, winter-brown, pale blue, and mid-green. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 69/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 74/6. Postage and registration, 4/- extra.



F4483. — Two-piece sleeping pyjamas designed for winter warmth. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5yds. 36in. material and ¼yds. binding. Price 4/6.



When you buy this **BIG** family tin!

It's smart to be thrifty... smarter still to enjoy real skin luxury at such little cost. When you buy this big economy tin of Johnson's Baby Powder you get so much more, yet you spend so little.

Buy YOUR large tin of Johnson's Baby Powder today.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

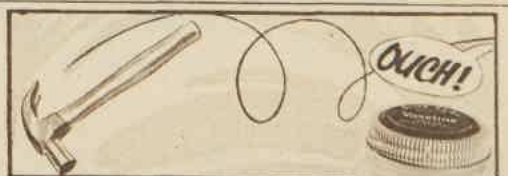
How to beat attacks of ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! "... over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November, 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs! Economical!

Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., York Street, Sydney, Australia.

Ask your chemist for

Lantigen 'E'



Heals Bruises

Hit the wrong nail? Then heal that bruised thumb with pure 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly. It's a first aid kit in a jar. Economy size 3/9. Standard size 2/3.

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's Inc.

Birthday Anniversary
or Just a "Thank You"



Remember someone today
with "Old Gold"



Whenever it's
 "time to remember"
 give MacRobertson's
 "Old Gold"—always
 expresses your appreciation
 and affection in perfect taste.

"Old Gold" is
 Australia's favourite
 box of chocolates.
 Just look at the wonder-
 ful assortment in the 1/2-lb.
 box—24 chocolates, 17 dif-
 ferent centres.

You can choose from these wonderful MacRobertson's gift boxes, too.



"CLEMATIS"—an attractive
 2-lb. tin of dark and milk
 chocolates.

"ROMANCE"—the fine
 quality milk chocolate assort-
 ment in 1/2-lb. and 1-lb.
 boxes.

"DESERT FLOWER"—dark
 and milk chocolates in a
 beautifully decorated tin



WHAT WOULD YOU
 CHOOSE FOR A
 SPECIAL GIFT,
 ROBBIE?

MACROBERTSON'S
 CHOCOLATES MAC
 ALWAYS IN GOOD
 TASTE.



MacRobertson

ALL MADE BY

THE GREAT NAME
 IN CONFECTIONERY.

2849

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician,
 with
 PRINCESS NARDA: Learns
 of a suspicious beauty contest
 to select "Miss International,"
 which offers as first prize any-
 thing the winner wants.
 Checking on the contest, they
 find that the promoter has a
 good reputation and that a
 guarantee of a billion dollars

has been posted as a sign of
 good faith. Still suspicious,
 Mandrake encourages Narda
 to enter the contest so that
 they can see what is going
 on. Women from all over the
 world enter the competition,
 and preliminary local beauty
 contests are held before the
 finals are arranged. NOW
 READ ON;



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD





15 hairsets for 4' 10

QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated **Curlpet**—squeeze **Curlpet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated **Curlpet** for 4/10 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLPET
CN6



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy Family size, and get over twice the quantity for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

JOINT PAINS

Banish joint pains QUICKLY! At the first twinge, apply Iodised **Balmosa** cream. Just rub-o-o-h it in! Iodised **Balmosa** is so gentle, so soothing, non-staining and non-irritating.
Ask your doctor about

IODISED BALMOSA

THE BEST COOKS use



FAULDING'S essences

Speedy relief from BACKACHE

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throbb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pain, headaches, etc., because they are neglecting their essential job of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous stimulant-diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

TEENA Lilla Terry



— BUT SO KIND AND GENTLE AND SENSITIVE... SO THOUGHTFUL AND CONSIDERATE...



WHY'D Y' MEAN? SHE MARRIED THE OTHER GUY, DIDN'T SHE?



(GIGH!) WAGN'T THE CAPTAIN JUST THE MOST WONDERFUL CHARACTER!? A REAL DOLL! SO HANDSOME AND ALL... AND SO NOBLE! SO BRILLIANT! SO CLEVER! AND SO STRONG!



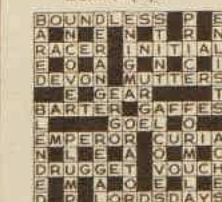
AND SO DEVOTED TO THE GIRL... DARNIT! WHY COULDN'T YOU BE MORE LIKE HIM?!



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Trial consumed and left a will (7).
5. This may be a dance for a strange bachelor (5).
8. Peruse after tea with a step (5).
9. Title containing two dozen sheets of paper (7).
10. This makes a thing what it is and may have a sweet scent (7).
11. Separate article to be found in an anthracite mine (4).
13. Greet a heron (5).
15. Winter resort in Florida (5).
18. Mohammedan anagram of 15 across but I am only once in it (4).
20. All is in the middle of this shell (7).
23. Her serf (Anagr. 7).
24. Parasitic animal or vegetable or just a visitor (5).
25. Give grudgingly a metal kept by a saint (5).
26. Connected by a treadle (7).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Roped with red teeth (8).
2. Poet buried in Westminster Abbey near Chaucer (7).
3. Shakespearian forest if taken with tea becomes burning (5).
4. Cricket or soccer (6).
5. Dirge (7).
6. Raw material for hominy (5).
7. Encourage a wager (4).
12. Spud diet may be questioned (8).
14. Storm on Shakespearian stage (7).
16. Detergent, the head of it given to University sportsmen (7).
17. Book of the Bible in which the name of God does not appear once (6).
19. Interpreter of the Koran for a serviceman not in uniform (5).
21. Messenger, once worth at least 6s. 8d. (5).
22. Faculty of the humanities (4).

Solution will be published next week.



So convenient . . .

NEW ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Just push-up! Stroke it on! One stroke wipes out perspiration odor instantly!

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. One quick motion and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odor and all signs of underarm moisture . . . keeps clothes fresh and free from ugly stains. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

- NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply instantly sponges up excess moisture.
- NEW instant ingredient that destroys odor on contact.
- NEW skin softener to smooth sensitive underarms. Try ODO-RO-NO Stick in the handsome plastic case today . . . it's ideal for you . . . for him . . . for every member of your family.



NEW INSTANT ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Odo-Ro-No's round the clock protection is also available in cream and spray form.



Beautiful Hands

EVEN WHILE YOU WORK



BEFORE ANY KIND OF WORK

Rub in

"BARRIER" CREAM

"Barrier" Cream is a wonderful hand protective cream. Applied every day, it stops grease, harsh detergents and soil stains from damaging the skin. When work is over, soil stains simply float off in soap and water. Luscious enriched "Barrier" Cream guards the natural oils in the skin and your hands stay soft and lovely, no matter what you do. Buy a tube or jar of "Barrier" Cream and watch your hands become more beautiful every day.



"IF IT'S FAULDINGS — IT'S PURE"

Positive Relief from COUGHING!

Nyal 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir Gives You Faster, More Effective Relief

When coughs and bronchial congestion make your life a misery, get faster, more positive relief with NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—the modern formulation which "breaks" stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. The 3-way-expectorant, sedative, decongestive-action of NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir brings you a proven effective medicine to fight winter coughs.

Stops Irritating Coughing. Because NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir penetrates *instantly* into congested membranes of throat and chest, it stops right, uncomfortable bronchial coughs quickly. The gentle expectorant action liquefies

and cuts away bronchial secretions which cause irritation. You've never known such soothing relief!

Makes Breathing Easier. Only NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir contains Phenylephrine—an active agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen bronchial tubes and phlegm-congested membranes; you'll breathe easier; get more restful sleep at night, undisturbed by harsh, racking coughing.

Adults, children, babies can all benefit by taking NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir. There are 3 formulations with dosages specially adjusted for all ages:

Infants 6 months to 5 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir—3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Children 5 years to 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' **CHILDREN'S** Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Adults and children over 12 years—NYAL 'Decongestant' Cough Elixir—6 fl. oz., 5/9; 12 fl. oz., 9/11.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR



Nyal

SOLD ONLY
BY CHEMISTS



Breathe freely in 2 minutes!

At last—here's the relief from "stuffy" head colds you have longed for! You'll breathe freely 2 minutes after using a NYAL 'Decongestant' Nasal Spray—the newest, most modern form of nasal medication known. Contains an active agent for relieving congestion; does not sting; can be used as often as necessary. So easy to use. The ingenious microspray tip of the pliable squeeze-plastic pack ensures that the relief-giving spray reaches high into the blocked nasal passages—shrinking them to normal. Carry a pack with you—get relief anywhere, anytime. 6/6. And now, for children—Nyal Pediatric Nasal Spray, 5/6.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY



Stops Sore Throat Instantly!

End the nagging pain of sore, inflamed throats now. The new triple-acting formula of NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenges bring you *instant*, soothing relief. The sedative, antiseptic, anaesthetic action checks infection... suppresses coughing... stops soreness—makes your throat feel right! Slip one—just one—NYAL Medicated Throat Lozenge into your mouth and feel how quickly you get relief. 24 lozenges, 4/6; 50 lozenges, 6/9.



Nyal MEDICATED THROAT LOZENGES



Soothing Relief from Cold Sores

See how quickly NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Cold Sore Lotion brings relief from irritating cold sores and cracked lips. Both the Cream and the Lotion are specially medicated and have a soothing, healing action. The Cream keeps the lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops the burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion. 2/9.

Nyal COLD SORE CREAM & LOTION

Safe Positive Cough Relief for Baby

Coughs and chest congestion in infants (from six months to five years) vanish quickly when treated with NYAL 'Decongestant' **BABY** Cough Elixir. Soothes sore, inflamed tissues of throat and chest; shrinks swollen bronchial tubes, cutting away phlegm and so making breathing easier. 3 fl. oz., 4/6; 6 fl. oz., 5/9.

Nyal 'DECONGESTANT' BABY COUGH ELIXIR



CHECK LIST of other dependable winter products

- ☐ Nyal Chilblain Paint. Cools and soothes the burning and itching of irritating chilblains instantly. 3/6.
- ☐ Nyal Creophos. A valuable "After-Flu" and convalescent tonic. 4/9, 7/9, 9/11.
- ☐ Nyal Quinine 'Flu Mixture. Wards off attacks of influenza and feverish colds. Reduces high temperatures. 4/9.
- ☐ Nyal Figsen. A palatable, chocolate-flavoured, efficient laxative tablet suitable for all ages. Regular or Double Strength. 2/6, 3/9.
- ☐ Nyal White Lip Salve. Invisible protection against windburned lips. Assists healing—protects your lips while it soothes them. 2/9.

Now you can have WHITER TEETH IN 10 DAYS

New NYAL Toothpaste cleans the teeth better than you have ever known before. It gives you the completely clean teeth you expect, gives you stain-free whiteness and added brightness. The secret of the wonderful cleansing action of NYAL Toothpaste lies in the highly activated dental detergent which foams instantly, safely removing dulling film and cigarette stains.

Smooth texture, and a clean, refreshing peppermint flavour, make NYAL Toothpaste the family favourite. Try it soon!



N.6.WW56